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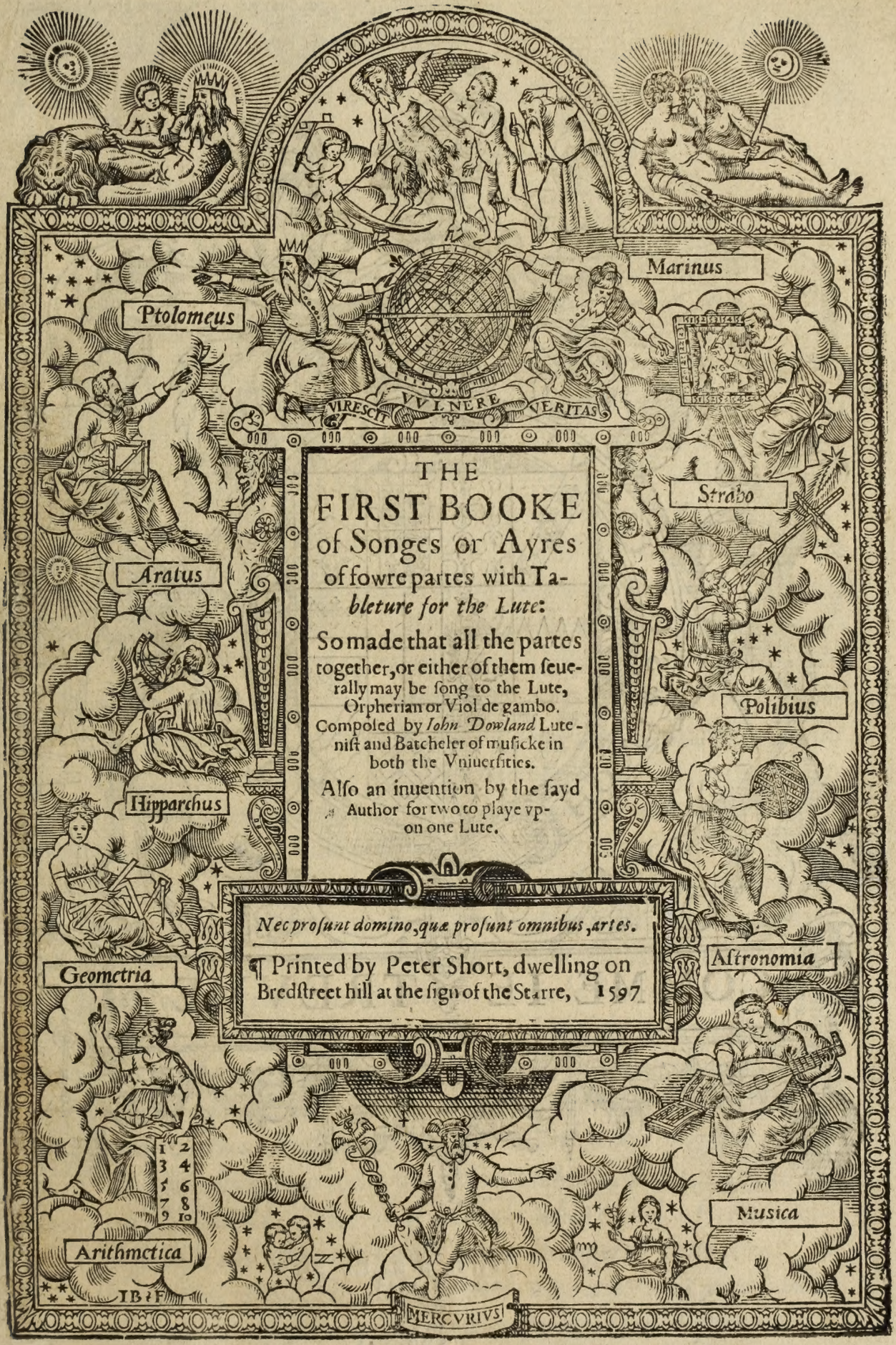


# THE FIRST BOOKE of Songes or Ayres of fowre partes with Tableture *for the Lute*:

So made that all the partes together, or either of them seuerally may be song to the Lute, Orpherian or Viol de gambo.

Compoled by *Iohn Dowland* Lutenist and Batcheler of musicke in both the Vniuersities.

Also an inuention by the sayd Author for two to playe vpon one Lute.

*Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.*

¶ Printed by Peter Short, dwelling on Bredstreet hill at the sign of the Starre, 1597

Josiah H. Benton Fd.
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*** G. 400.51

# TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE SIR GEORGE CAREY, OF THE MOST HONORABLE ORDER OF THE GARTER KNIGHT:

*Baron of Hunſdon, Captaine of her Maieſties gentlemen Penſioners,* Gouernor of the Iſle of Wight, Lieutenant of the countie of Southt. *Lord Chamberlaine of her Maieſties moſt Royall houſe, and of* her Highnes moſt honourable priuie Counſell.

*HAT harmony (Right honorable) which is skilfullie expreſt by Inſtruments, albeit, by reaſon of the variety of number & proportion of it ſelfe, it eaſilie ſtirs vp the minds of the hearers to admiration & delight, yet for higher authoritie and power hath been euer worthily attributed to that kinde of Muſicke, which to the ſweetnes of inſtrument applies the liuely voice of man, expreſsing ſome worthy ſentence or excellent Poeme. Hence (as al antiquitie can witneſſe) firſt grew the heauenly Art of muſicke: for* Linus Orpheus *and the reſt, according to the number and time of their Poemes, firſt framed the numbers and times of muſicke: So that* Plato *defines melody to conſiſt of harmony, number & wordes; harmony naked of it ſelfe: words the ornament of harmony, number the common friend & vniter of them both. This ſmall booke containing the conſent of ſpeaking harmony, ioyned with the moſt muſicall inſtrument the Lute, being my firſt labour, I haue preſumed to dedicate to your Lordſhip, who for your vertue & nobility are beſt able to protect it, and for your honourable fauors towards me, beſt deſeruing my duety and ſeruice. Beſides your noble inclination and loue to all good Artes, and namely the diuine ſcience of muſicke, doth challenge the patronage of all learning, then which no greater title can bee added to Nobilitie. Neither in theſe your honours may I let paſſe the dutifull remembrance of your vertuous Lady my honourable miſtris, whoſe ſingular graces towards me haue added ſpirit to my vnfortunate labours. What time and diligence I haue beſtowed in the ſearch of Muſicke, what trauel in forren countries, what ſucceſſe and eſtimation euen among ſtrangers I haue found, I leaue to the report of others. Yet all this in vaine were it not that your honorable hands haue vouchſaft to vphold my poore fortunes, which I now wholy recommend to your gratious protection, with theſe my firſt endeuors, humbly beſeeching you to accept and cheriſh thē with your continued fauours.*

*Your Lordſhips moſt humble ſeruant,*
Iohn Dowland.

HOW hard an enterprise it is in this skilfull and curious age to commit our priuate labours to the publike view, mine owne disabilitie, and others hard successe doe too well assure me: and were it not for that loue I beare to the true louers of musicke, I had concealde these my first fruits, which how they will thriue with your taste I know not, howsoeuer the greater part of them might haue been ripe inough by their age. The Courtly iudgement I hope will not be seuere against them, being it selfe a party, and those sweet springs of humanity (I meane our two famous Vniuersities) wil entertain them for his sake, whome they haue already grac't, and as it were enfranchisd in the ingenuous profession of Musicke, which from my childhoode I haue euer aymed at, sundry times leauing my natiue countrey, the better to attain so excellent a science. About sixteene yeeres past, I trauelled the chiefest parts of France, a nation furnisht with great variety of Musicke: But lately, being of a more confirmed iudgement, I bent my course toward the famous prouinces of Germany, where I founde both excellent masters, and most honorable Patrons of Musicke: Namely, those two miracles of this age for vertue and magnificence, *Henry Julio* Duke of *Brunswick*, and learned *Maritius Lantzgraue* of *Hessen*, of whose princely vertues and fauors towards me I can neuer speake sufficientlie. Neither can I forget the kindnes of *Alexandro Horologio*, a right learned master of Musicke, seruant to the royal Prince the *Lantzgraue* of *Hessen*, and *Gregorio Howet* Luteniſt to the magnificent Duke of *Brunswick*, both whome I name as well for their loue to me, as also for their excellency in their faculties. Thus hauing spent some moneths in *Germany*, to my great admiration of that worthy country, I past ouer the Alpes into *Italy*, where I founde the Cities furnisht with all good Artes, but especiallie Musicke. What fauour and estimation I had in *Venice*, *Padua*, *Genoa*, *Ferrara*, *Florence*, & diuers other places I willingly suppresse, least I should any way seeme partiall in mine owne indeuours. Yet can I not dissemble the great content I found in the proferd amity of the most famous *Luca Marenzio*, whose sundry letters I receiued from Rome, and one of them, because it is but short, I haue thought good to set downe, not thinking it any disgrace to be proud of the iudgement of so excellent a man.

## *Molto Magnifico Signior mio osseruandissimo.*

*PEr una lettera del Signior Alberigo Maluezi ho inteso quanto con cortese affetto si mostri desideroso di essermi congionto d'amicitia, doue infinitamente la ringratio di questo suo buon' animo, offerendomegli all'incontro se in alcuna cosa la posso seruire, poi che gli meriti delle sue infinite uirtù, & qualità meritano che ogni uno & me l'ammirino & osseruino, & per fine di questo le bascio le mani. Di Roma à 13. di Luglio.* 1595.

D. V. S. Affettionatissimo seruitore,
*Luca Marenzio.*

Not to ſtand to long vpon my trauels, I will onely name that worthy maiſter *Giouanni Crochio* Vicemaſter of the chappel of S. Marks in *Venice*, with whome I had familiar conference. And thus what experience I could gather abroad, I am now ready to practiſe at home, if *I* may but find encouragement in my firſt aſſaies. There haue bin diuers Lute leſſons of mine lately printed without my knowledge, falce and vnperfect, but *I* purpoſe ſhortly my ſelfe to ſet forth the choiſeſt of all my Leſſons in print, and alſo an introduction for fingering, with other books of Songs, whereof this is the firſt: and as this findes fauour with you, ſo ſhal *I* be affected to labor in the reſt. *Farewell.*

*John Dowland.*

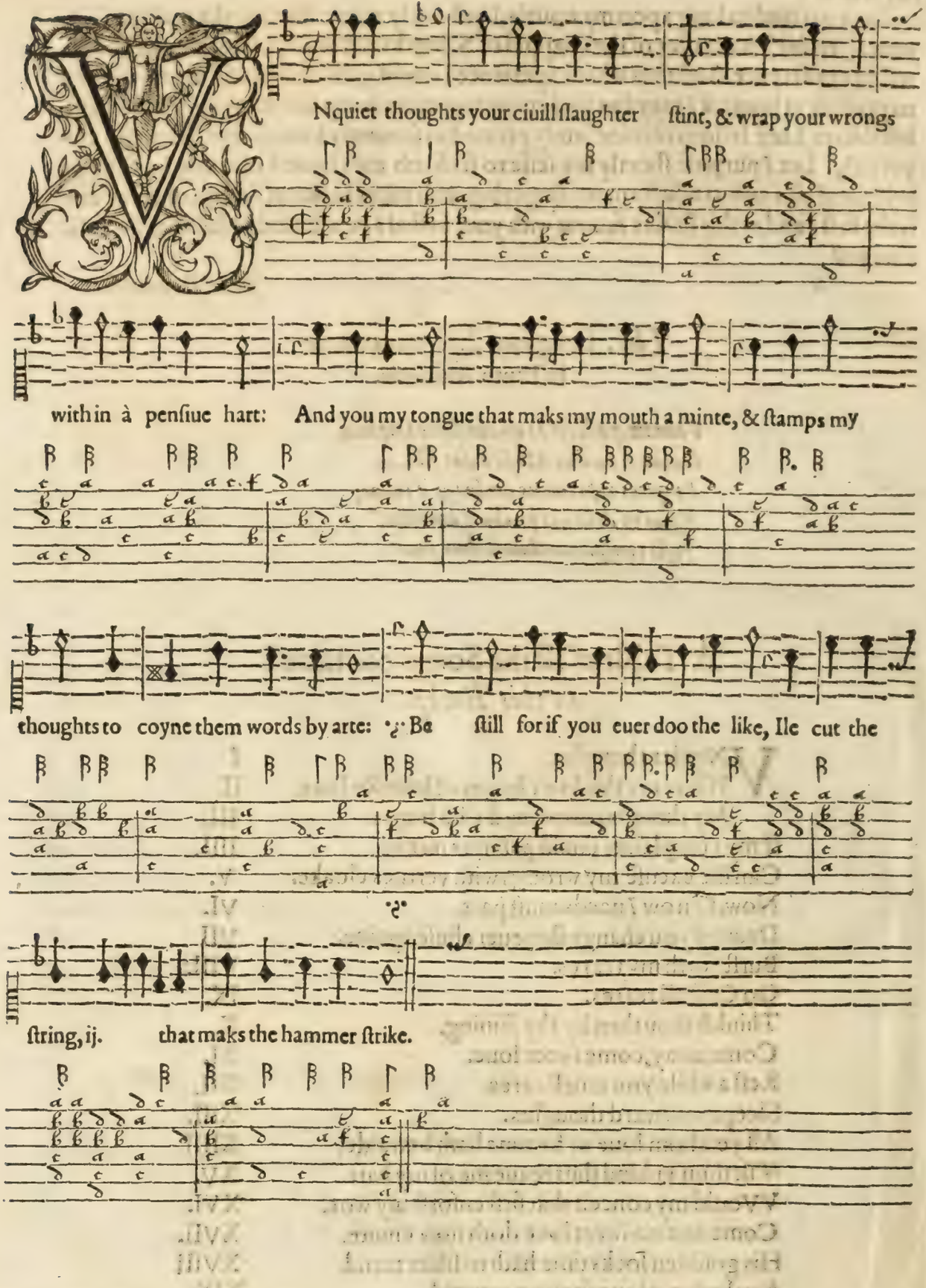
## *Tho. Campiani Epigramma de* inſtituto Authoris.

*Famam, poſteritas quam dedit Orpheo,*
*Dolandi melius Muſica dat ſibi,*
*Fugaces reprimens archetypis ſonos;*
*Quas & delitias præbuit auribus,*
*Ipſis conſpicuas luminibus facit.*

## A Table of all the Songs contained *in this Booke.*


| | |
|---|---|
| VNquiet thoughts. | I |
| Who euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue. | II. |
| My thoughts are wingd with hopes. | III. |
| If my complaints could paſſions moue. | IIII. |
| Can ſhe excuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake. | V. |
| Now, O now *I* needs muſt part. | VI. |
| Deare if you change ile neuer chuſe againe. | VII |
| Burſt forth my teares. | VIII. |
| Go Criſtall teares. | IX. |
| Thinkſt thou then by thy faining. | X. |
| Come away, come ſweet loue. | XI. |
| Reſt a while you cruell cares. | XII. |
| Sleepe wayward thoughts. | XIII. |
| All ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide. | XIIII. |
| *W*ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my hart. | XV. |
| VVould my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe. | XVI. |
| Come againe: ſweet loue doth now enuite. | XVII. |
| His goulden locks time hath to ſiluer turnd. | XVIII |
| Awake ſweet loue thou art returnd. | XIX. |
| Come heauy ſleepe. | XX. |
| Awaie with theſe ſelfe louing lads. | XXI. |

A Galliard for two to plaie vpon one Lute at the end of the booke.



Nquiet thoughts your ciuill ſlaughter ſtint, & wrap your wrongs
within à penſiue hart: And you my tongue that maks my mouth a minte, & ſtamps my
thoughts to coyne them words by arte: Be ſtill for if you euer doo the like, Ile cut the
ſtring, ij. that maks the hammer ſtrike.

But what can ſtaie my thoughts they may not ſtart,
Or put my tongue in durance for to dye?
When as theſe eies the keyes of mouth and harte
Open the locke where all my loue doth lye;
Ile ſeale them vp within their lids for euer,
So thoughts & words and looks ſhall dye together,
How ſhall I then gaze on my miſtreſſe eies?
My thoughts muſt haue ſome vẽt els hart wil break,
My tongue would ruſt as in my mouth it lies
If eyes and thoughts were free and that not ſpeake.
Speake then and tell the paſſions of deſire
Which turns mine eies to floods, my th oghts to fire

## TENOR.

V Nquiet thoughts, your ciuile ſlaughter ſtint, and wrap your wrongs within a

Pe nſiue hart, and you my tonge, my tonge that makes my mouth amint, and ſtampes my

thoughts, my thoughts, to coine, ij. them words by art, be ſtill for if you euer do the like

Ile cut the ſtring, ij. that makes the hammer ſtrike. A 2

## BASSVS.

V Nquiet thoughts, your ciuile

ſlaughters ſtint, and wrap your wrongs

within a penſiue hart, wrongs within a

penſiue hart, that makes my mouth amint

to coine them words by arte, euer

do the like, Ile cut ỹ ſtring, ij.

the ſtring that makes ỹ hāmer ſtrike.

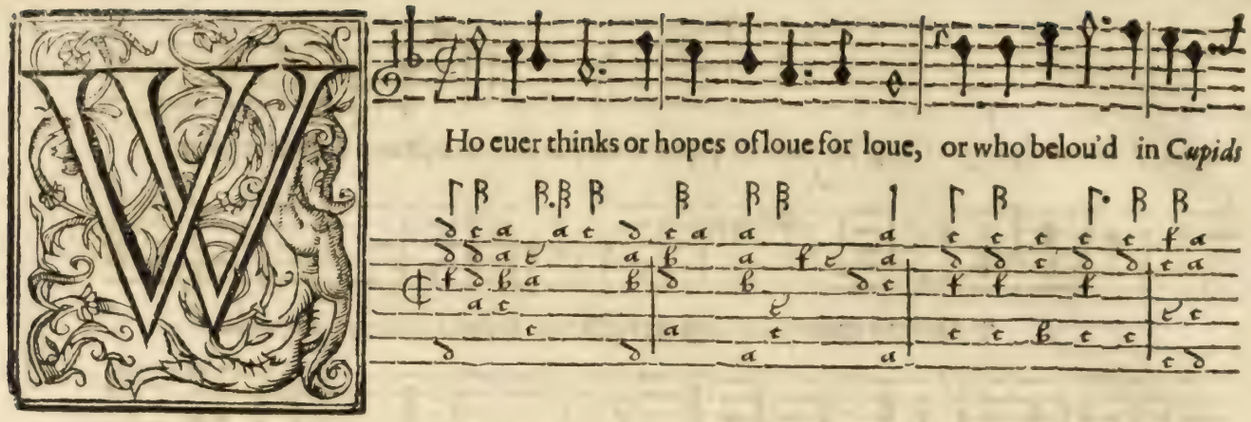
## ALTVS.

V Nquiet thoughts, your ciuill ſlaughter ſtint, and wrap your wrongs within

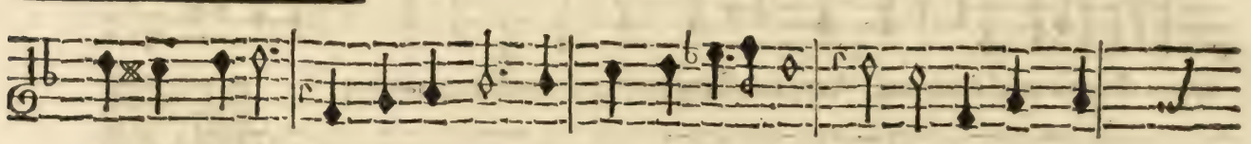
a penſiue hart, and you my tonge that makes my mouth amint, ij.

and ſtamps my thoughts to coine them words by art, be ſtill, ij. for if you euer do the

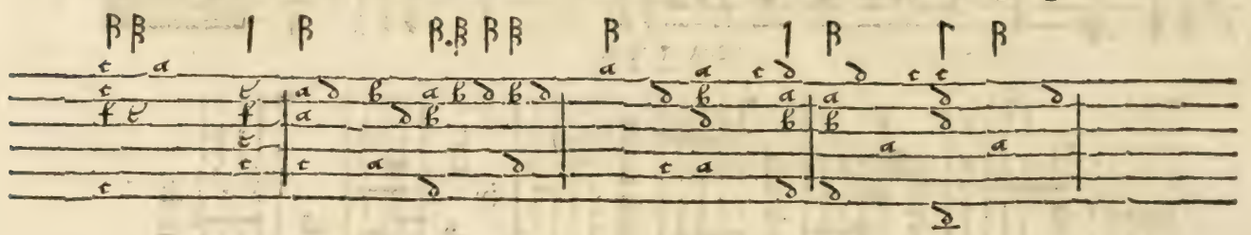
like, Ile cut the ſtring, ij. that makes the hammer ſtrike.



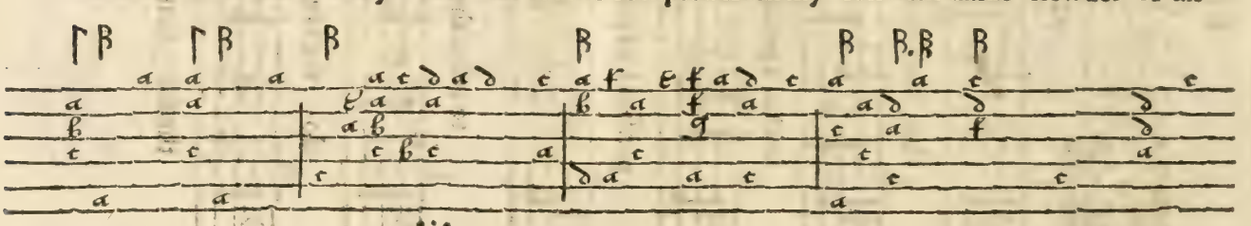
Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who belou'd in *Cupids*



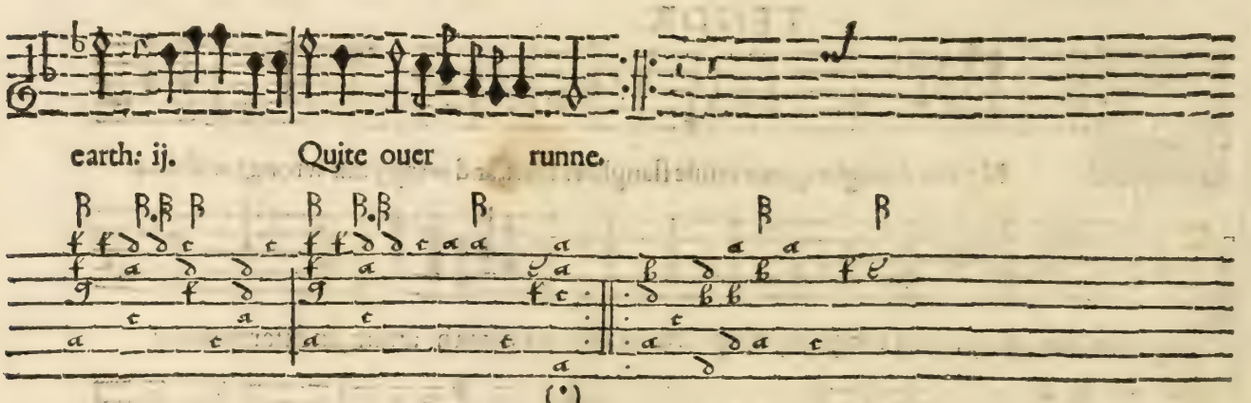
lawes doth glorie, who ioyes in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god



hath not ben made ſorry: Let him ſee me ecclipſed from my ſon with darke clowdes of an



earth: ij. Quite ouer runne.



Who thinks that ſorrowes felte, deſires hidden,
Or humble faith in conſtant honor arm'd,
Can keepe loue from the friut that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreatie charm'd:
Looking on me let him know loues delights
Are treaſures hid in caues, but kept by Sprights.

TENOR.

Ho euer thinks or hopes of loue for loue, or who be- lou'd in Cupids

lawes doth glory, Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light-god

hath not bin made sorry, Let him see me eclipsed from my son, eclipsed frō my son with

darke clouds of an earth. ij. quite ouer runne, of an earth, quite ouer run.

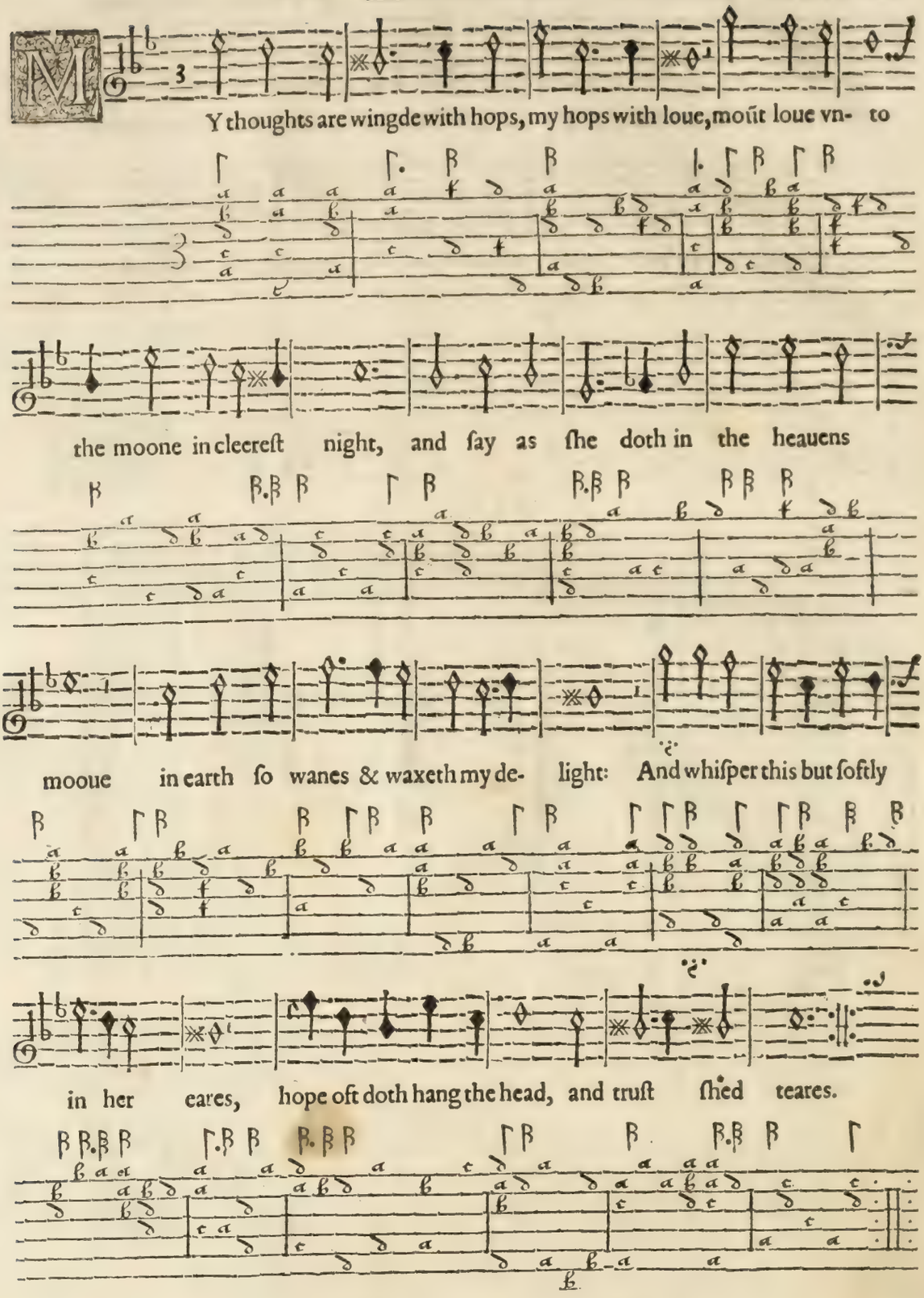
ALTVS.

Ho euer thinkes or hopes of loue for loue, or who beloud in Cupids

lawes doth glory. Who ioies in vowes or vowes not to remoue, who by this light, God

hath not bin made sorry: Let him see me. ij. Eclipsed from my son my son with

darke clouds of an earth. ij. quite ouer runne. Quite ouer runne.




And you my thoughts that ſome miſtruſt do carry,
If for miſtruſt my miſtriſſe do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not varry,
As ſhe doth change, and yet remaine the ſame:
Diſtruſt doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is ſweeteſt ſeaſned with ſuſpect.

If ſhe for this, with cloudes do maske her eies,
And make the heauens darke with her diſdaine,
With windie ſighes diſperſe them in the skies,
Or with thy teares diſſolue them into raine;
Thoughts, hopes, & loue returne to me no more,
Till *Cynthia* ſhine as ſhe hath done before.

ALTVS.

M Y thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue

vnto the moone, the moone in cleereſt night, and ſay as ſhe doth in the

heauens moue, in earth ſo wanes & waxeth my delight, & whiſper this but ſoftly

in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head and truſt ſhead teares.

BASSVS.

M Y thoughts are wingd with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue vnto the moone in cleereſt night, & ſay as ſhe doth in the heauens moue, in earth ſo wanes and waxeth my delight, and whiſper this but ſoftly in her eares, her eares hope oft doth hang the hed, and truſt and truſt ſhed teares.

TENOR.

M Y thoughts are wingde with hopes my hopes with loue, mount loue

vnto the moone in cleereſt night, and ſay as ſhe doth in the heanens mooue in

earth ſo wanes ſo wanes & waxeth my delight, & whiſper this ij. but ſoftly in

her eares, ſoftly in her eares, hope oft doth hang the head, and truſt ſhead teares.

IF my complaints could paſ- ſi- ons mooue, or make loue
my paſſions weare e- nough to prooue, that my deſ-

ſee wherein I ſuffer wrong: O loue I liue and dye in
payrs had gouernd me to long, thy wounds do freſh- ly bleed in

thee thy griefe in my deepe ſigh es ſtill ſpeakes, yet thou doeſt
mee my hart for thy vn- kind- nes breakes, thou ſaiſt thou

hope when I deſ- paire, and when I hope thou makſt me hope in vaine,
canſt my harmes re- paire, yet for re- dreſſe thou letſt me ſtill com- plaine.

Can loue be ritch and yet I want,
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty haſt, yet me doſt ſcant,
Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do liue it is thy power,
That I deſire it is thy worth,

If loue doth make mens liues too ſowre
Let me not loue, nor liue henceforth:
Die ſhall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here deſpaire, which truly ſaith,
I was more true to loue, then loue to me.

ALTVS.

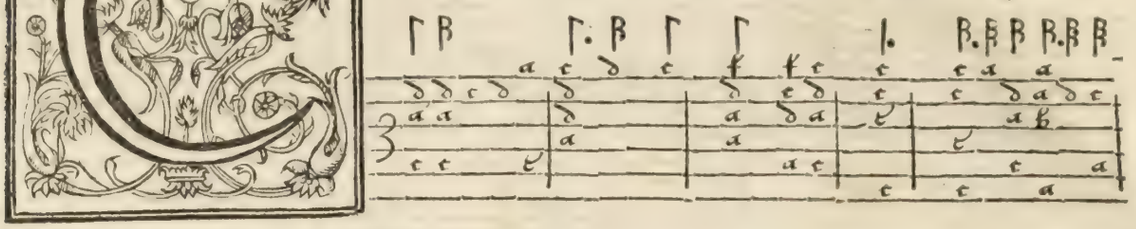


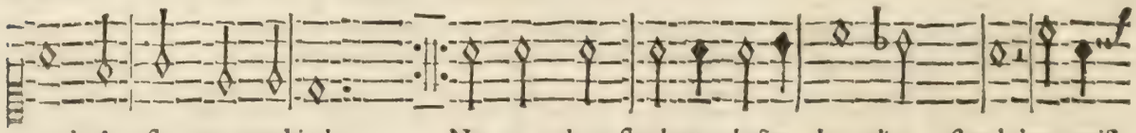

BASSVS.



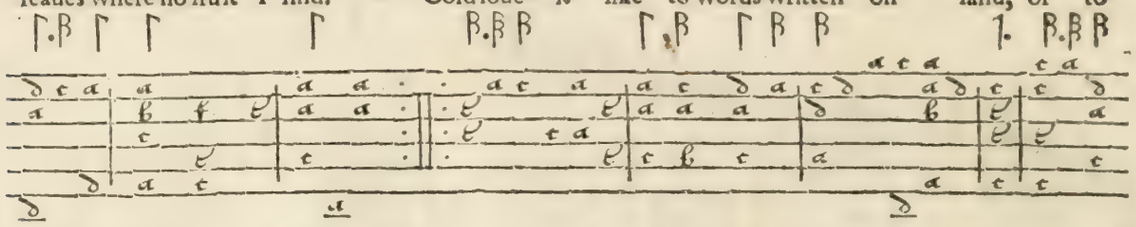

TENOR.

An ſhee ex- cuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake: Shall I call her
are thoſe cleere fiers which van-niſh in to ſmoake: muſt I praiſe the

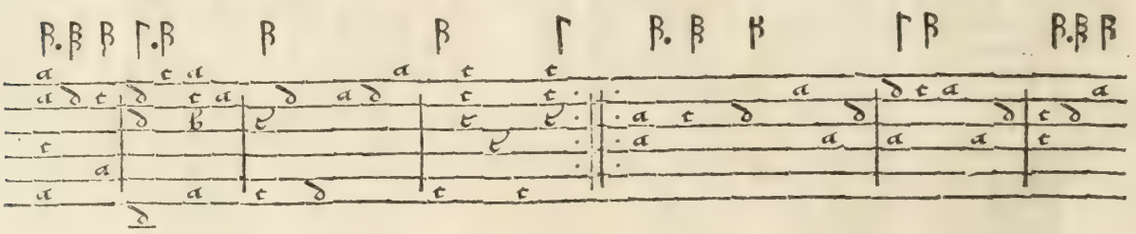


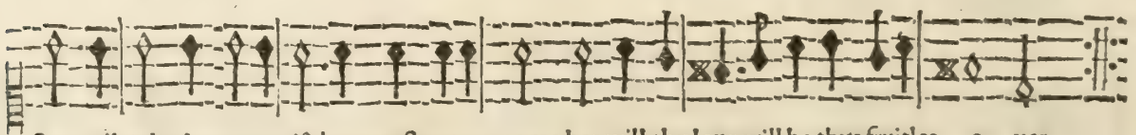


good when ſhe proues vnkind. No no where ſhadowes do for bo- dies ſtand, thou maiſt
leaues where no fruit I find. Cold loue is like to words written on ſand, or to

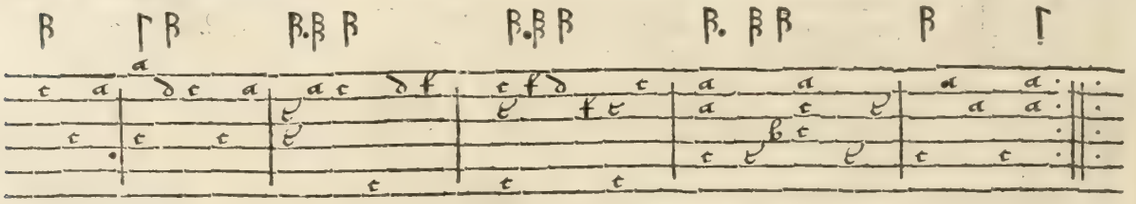


be abuſde if thy ſight be dime, Wilt thou be thus a- buſed ſtill, ſeeing that
bubbles which on the wa- ter ſwim.





ſhe will right thee neuer if thou canſt not ore come her will, thy loue will be thus fruitles e- uer.



Was I ſo baſe that I might not aſpire
Vnto thoſe high ioyes which ſhe houlds frō me,
As they are high ſo high is my deſire,
If ſhe this deny what can granted be.

If ſhe will yeeld to that which reaſon is,
It is reaſons will that loue ſhould be iuſt,
Deare make me happie ſtill by granting this,
Or cut of delayes if that dye *I* muſt.

Better a thouſand times to dye
Then for to liue thus ſtill tormented,
Deare but remember it was I
Who for thy ſake did dye contented.

## TENOR.

An ſhee excuſe my wrongs, with vertues cloake, ſhall I call her good when ſhe proues vnkind.
are thoſe cleer fiers which va-niſh into ſmoake, muſt I praiſe the leaues where no fruit I find.

No no no where ſhadows do for bodies for bodies ſtand thou maiſt be abuſd if thy ſight thy ſight
Cold loue loue is like to words to wordes written on ſand or to bubbles which on the water wa-

be dim. Wilt thou be thus abuſed ſtill, ſeeing that ſhe will right thee ne- uer if thou canſt not ore
ter ſwim.

come her will thy loue, will be thus fruitles euer,



## BASSVS.

An ſhe excuſe my wrongs with
are thoſe cleer fiers which vaniſh

vertues cloak ſhall I call her good when ſhe proues
into ſmoake muſt I praiſe ỹ leaues where no fruit

vnkind,
I find,
no no where ſhaddowes do for bodies
Cold loue is like to words written on

ſtand thou maiſt be abuſd if thy ſight bee dimme.
ſand, or to bubbles which on the water ſwimme.

Wilt thou be thus abuſed ſtill, ſeeing that ſhe will
right thee neuer if thou canſt not ore come her,

will thy loue wil be thus fruitles euer.

## ALTVS.

An ſhe ex- cuſe my wrongs with vertues cloake ſhall I call her good when ſhe proues vnkind.
are thoſe cleer fiers which va-niſh in to ſmoake, muſt I praiſe ỹ leaues where no fruit I find.

No no where ſhadowes do where ſhadowes do for bodies ſtand thou maiſt be abuſd abuſd if thy light
Cold loue is like to words writ like to words writē on ſande or to bubbles which on ỹ water wa-

be dim. Wilt thou be thus abuſed ſtill, ſeeing that ſhe will right thee neuer if thou canſt not ore come her
ter ſwim.

will thy loue will be thus fruitles euer.

Now O now I needs muſt part, parting though I abſent
while I liue I needs muſt loue, loue liues not when hope is

mourne, abſence can no ioye em-
gone, now at laſt deſpayre doth

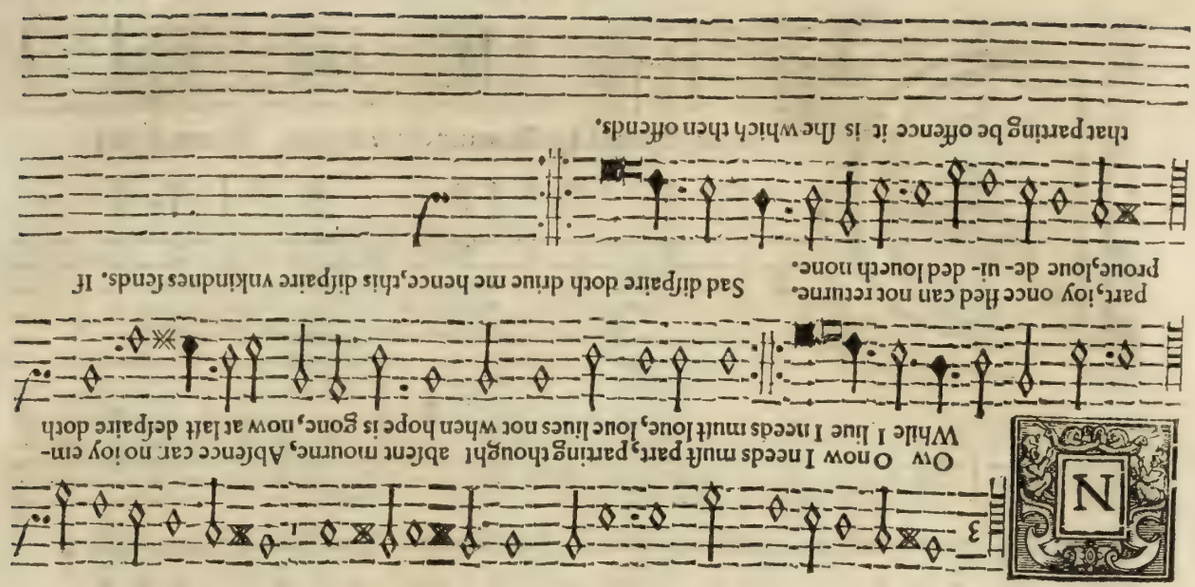
part, ioye once fled can not re -turne,
proue, loue de- ui- ded lo- ueth none:

Sad diſ- paire doth driue me hence, this diſpaire vnkindnes ſends. If that

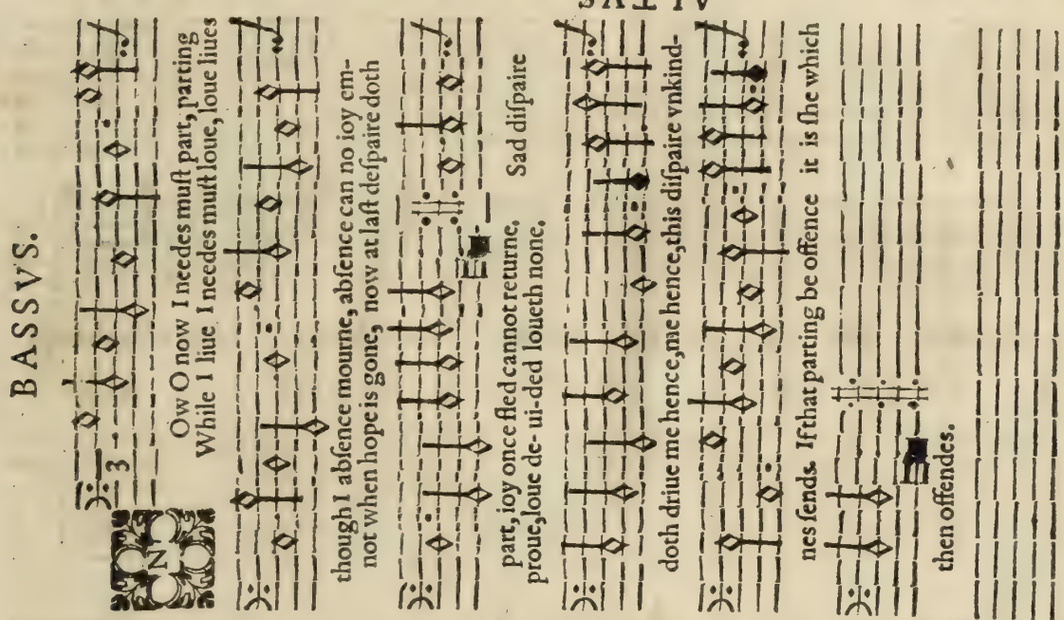
parting be of- fence, it is ſhe which then of- fendes.

Deare when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my ioyes at once,
I loued thee and thee alone
In whoſe loue I ioyed once:
And although your ſight I leaue,
Sight wherein my ioyes doo lye
Till that death do ſence bereaue,
Neuer ſhall affection dye.

Deare if I doe not returne,
Loue and I ſhall die togither,
For my abſence neuer mourne
Whom you might haue ioyed euer:
Part we muſt though now I dye,
Die I doe to part with you,
Him deſpayre doth cauſe to lie,
Who both liued and dieth true.

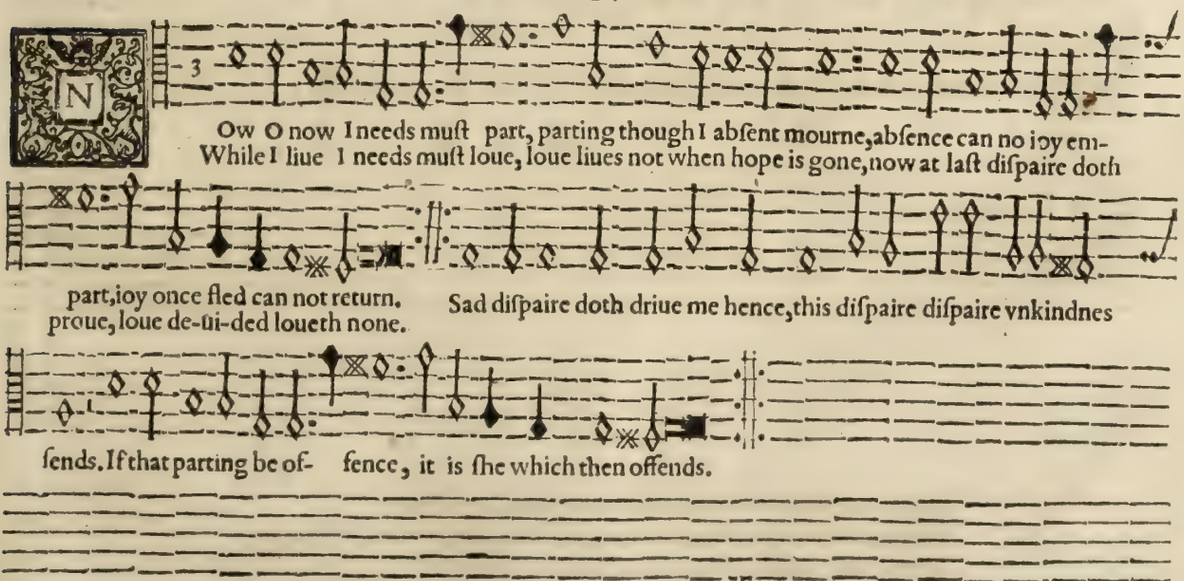


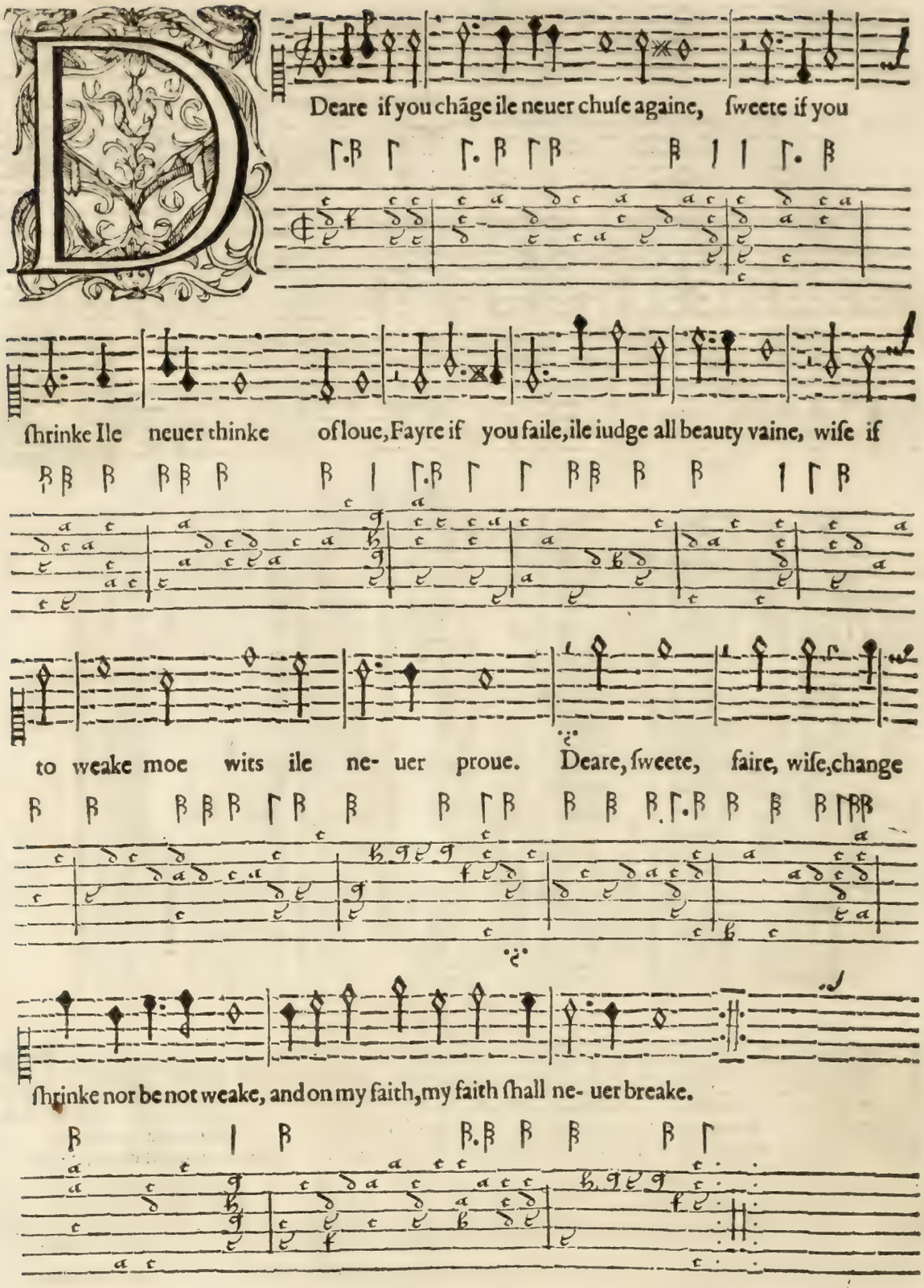

ALTVS.




BASSVS.

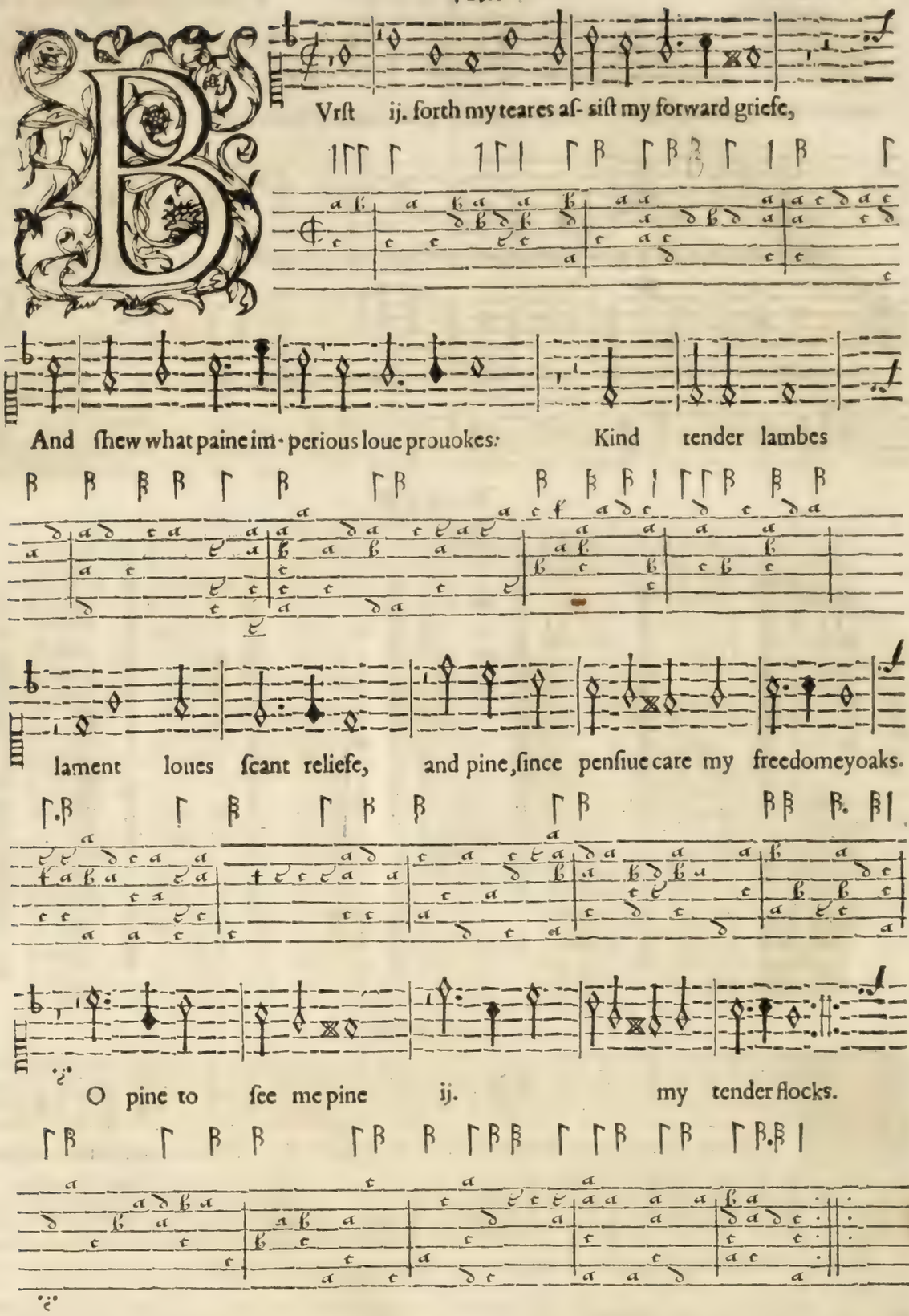
TENOR.






Earth with her flowers ſhall ſooner heau'n adorne,
Heauen her bright ſtars through earths dim globe ſhall moue,
Fire heate ſhall looſe and froſts of flames be borne,
Ayre made to ſhine as blacke as hell ſhall proue:
Earth, heauen, fire, ayre, the world transform'd ſhall vew,
E're I proue falſe to faith, or ſtrange to you.

not weake, and on my faith, ii. my faith ſhall neuer breake.
moe wits moe wits ile neuer proue, deare, ſweet. Deare, ſweet, faire, wife, change, ſhrinke, nor be
think of loue, faire if you faile, you faile ile iudge all bewty vaine, wife if to weake to weake
Eare if you change ile neuer chuſe againe, ſweet if you ſhrinke you ſhrinke ile neuer
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
Ear if you change ile neuer chuſe a-
gaine, ſweet if you ſhrinke, you ſhrinke ile
ne- uer thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile
iudge all bewty vaine, wife, if to weake moe
wits ile neuer proue, Deare, ſweet, faire,
wife, ii. change, ſhrink nor be not weake,
and on my faith, my faith ſhall neuer break.
TENOR.
Eare if you change ile neuer chuſe againe, ſweet if you ſhrink, you ſhrink ile neuer
thinke of loue, faire if you faile ile iudge all beauty vaine, wiſe if to weake moe wits ile
neuer proue moe wits, ile ne- uer proue, Deare, ſweet, faire, wiſe, ii. change ſhrink
nor bee not weake, and on my faith my faith ſhall ne- uer breake.




Sad pining care that neuer may haue peace,
At beauties gate in hope of pitty knocks:
But mercy ſleeps while deepe diſdaine encreaſe,
And beautie hope in her faire booſome yoaks,
O greiue to heare my grie fe, my tender flocks.

Like to the windes my ſighes haue winged beene,
Yet are my ſighes and ſutes repaide with mocks,
I pleade, yet ſhe repineth at my teene:
O ruthles rigor harder the the r oc ks,
That both the Shephard kils, & his poore flocks?

TENOR.

Vrſt, ij. forth my teares aſiſt, aſiſt my forward greif, And ſhew what paine, paine,

imperious Loue prouoaks: ij. Kind tender lambes lament ij. Loues ſcant reliefe, re-

liefe. And pine ſince penſiue care, ſince penſiue care my free- dome yoakes, O pine to

ſee me pine, to ſee me pine, O pine to ſee me pine my tender flocks.

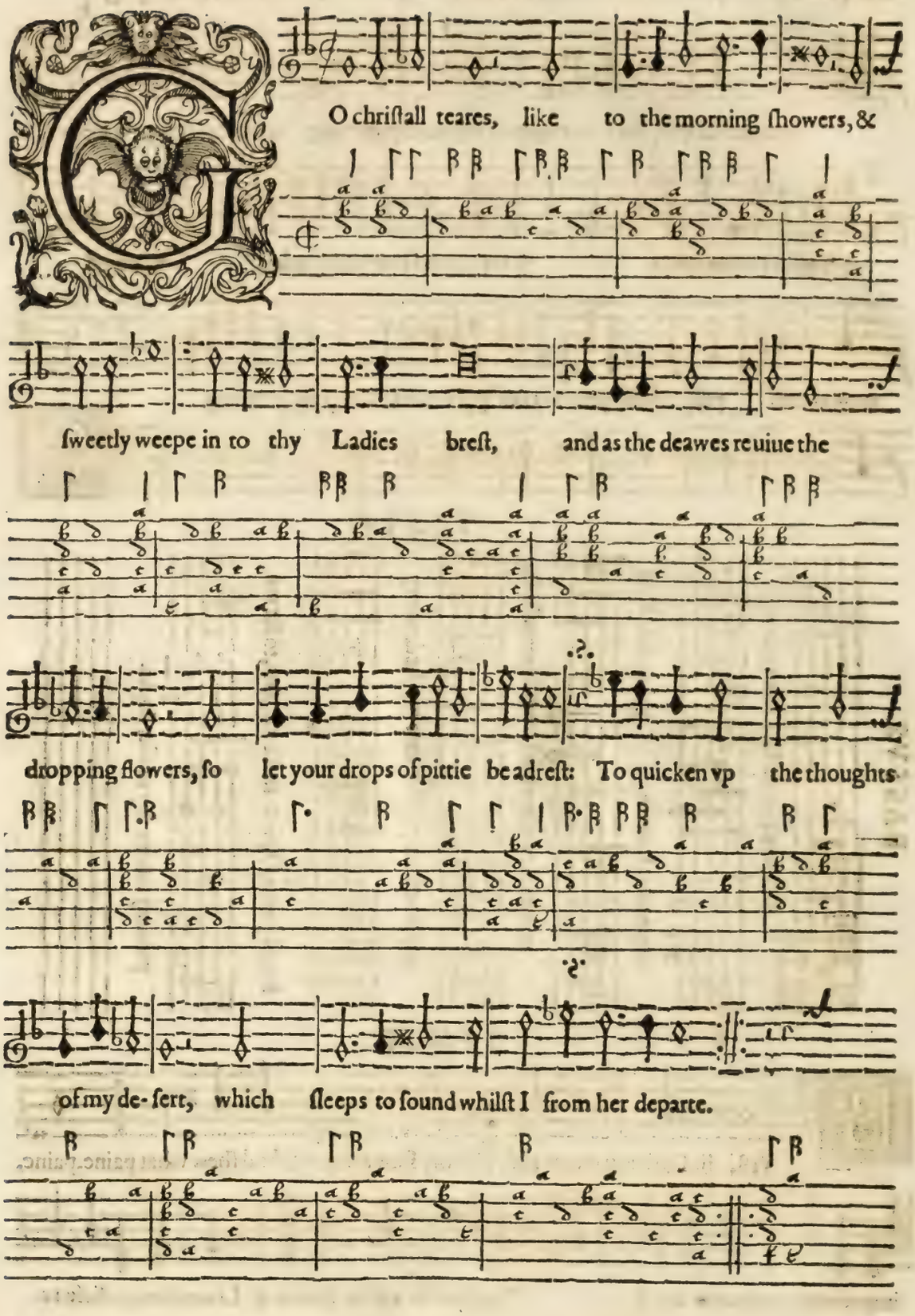
ALTVS.

Vrſt, burſt forth my teares aſiſt my forward greefe, And ſhewe what

paine ij. imperious Loue prouoaks: ij. Kind tender lambes, la-

ment ij. Loues ſcant re- liefe, And pine ſince penſiue care my fredom yokes: ij.

O pine to ſee me pine, O pine to ſee me pine, to ſee me pine my tender flocks. O pine.

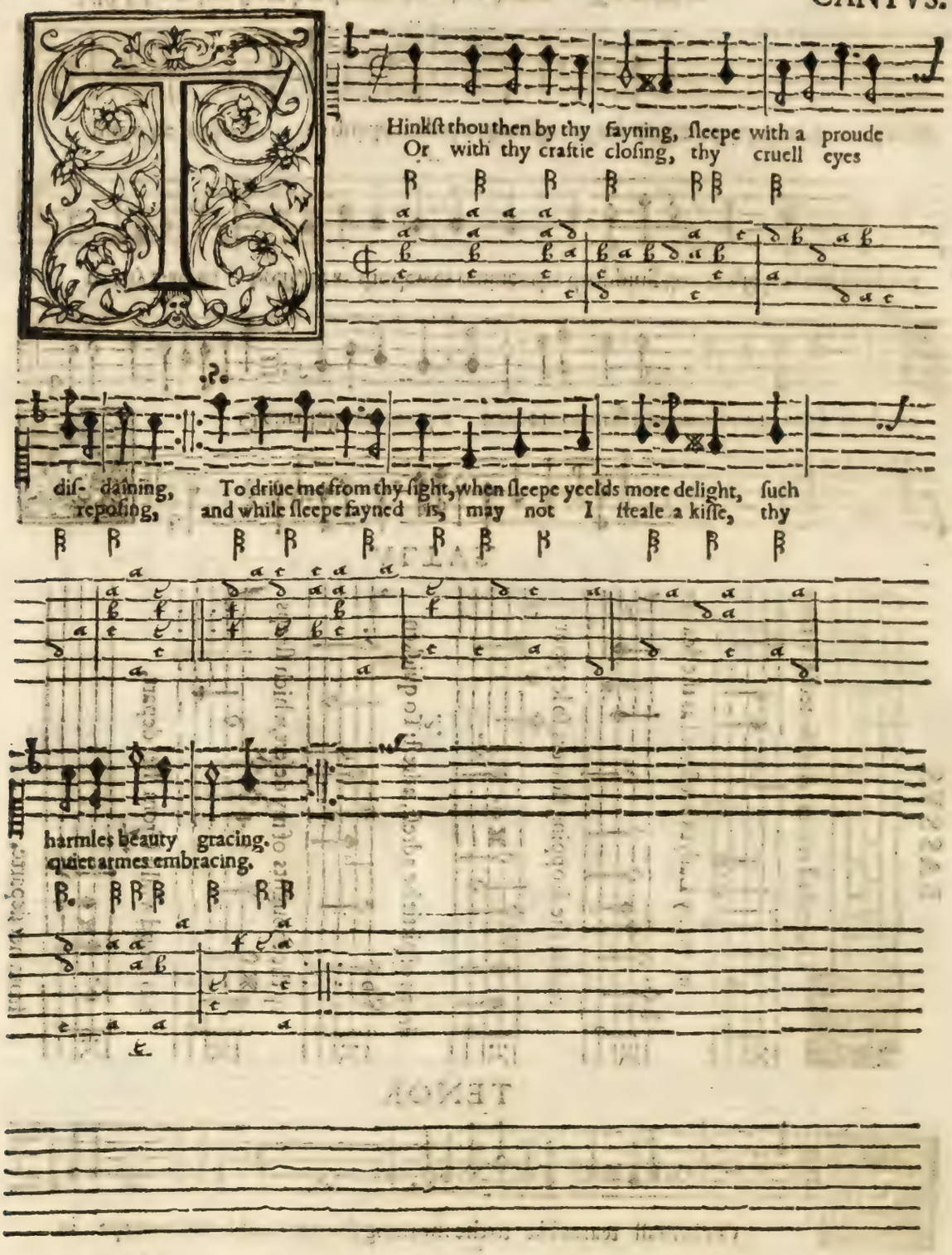



Hast hapleſſe ſighs and let your burning breath
Diſſolue the Ice of her indurate harte,
Whoſe froſen rigor like forgetfull death,
Feeles neuer any touch of my deſarte:
Yet ſighs and teares to her I ſacryfiſe,
Both from a ſpotles hart and pacient eyes.

BASSVS.
O chriſtall teares: And ſweetlie weepe
in to thy Ladyes breſt, and as the deawes
reuiue the dropping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pittie be adreſt, adreſt: To quicken
vp the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleeps
too ſound whilſt I from her depart,
from her departe,

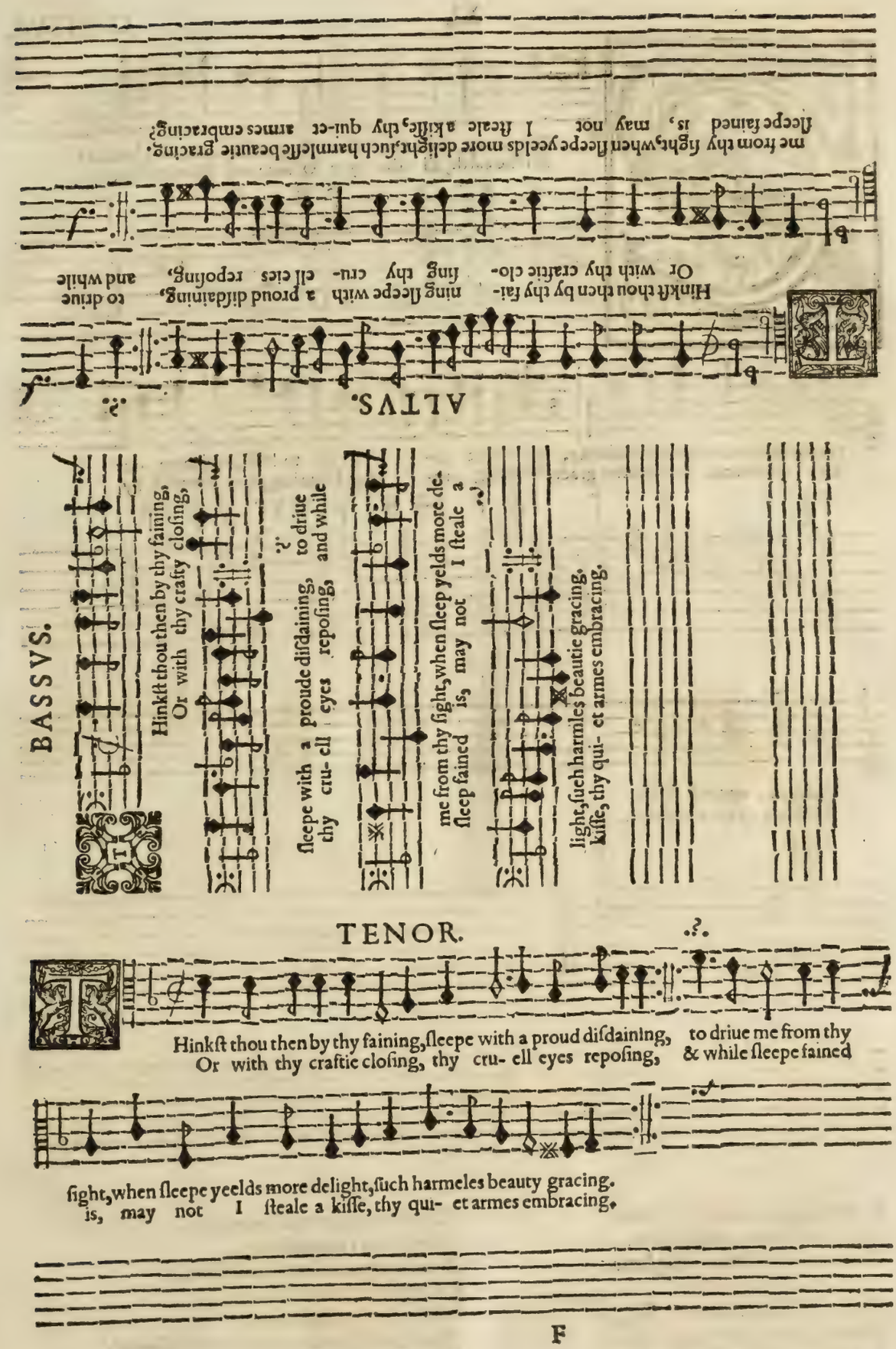

TENOR.
O chriſtall teares like to the morning ſhowers and ſweetly weepe in
to thy Ladyes breſt, and ij. as the deawes reuiue the drooping flowers, ſo let your
drops of pittie be adreſt: to quicken vp the thoughts, the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleeps
too ſound, whilſt I from her, from her, departe, ij. from her departe, to quicken.

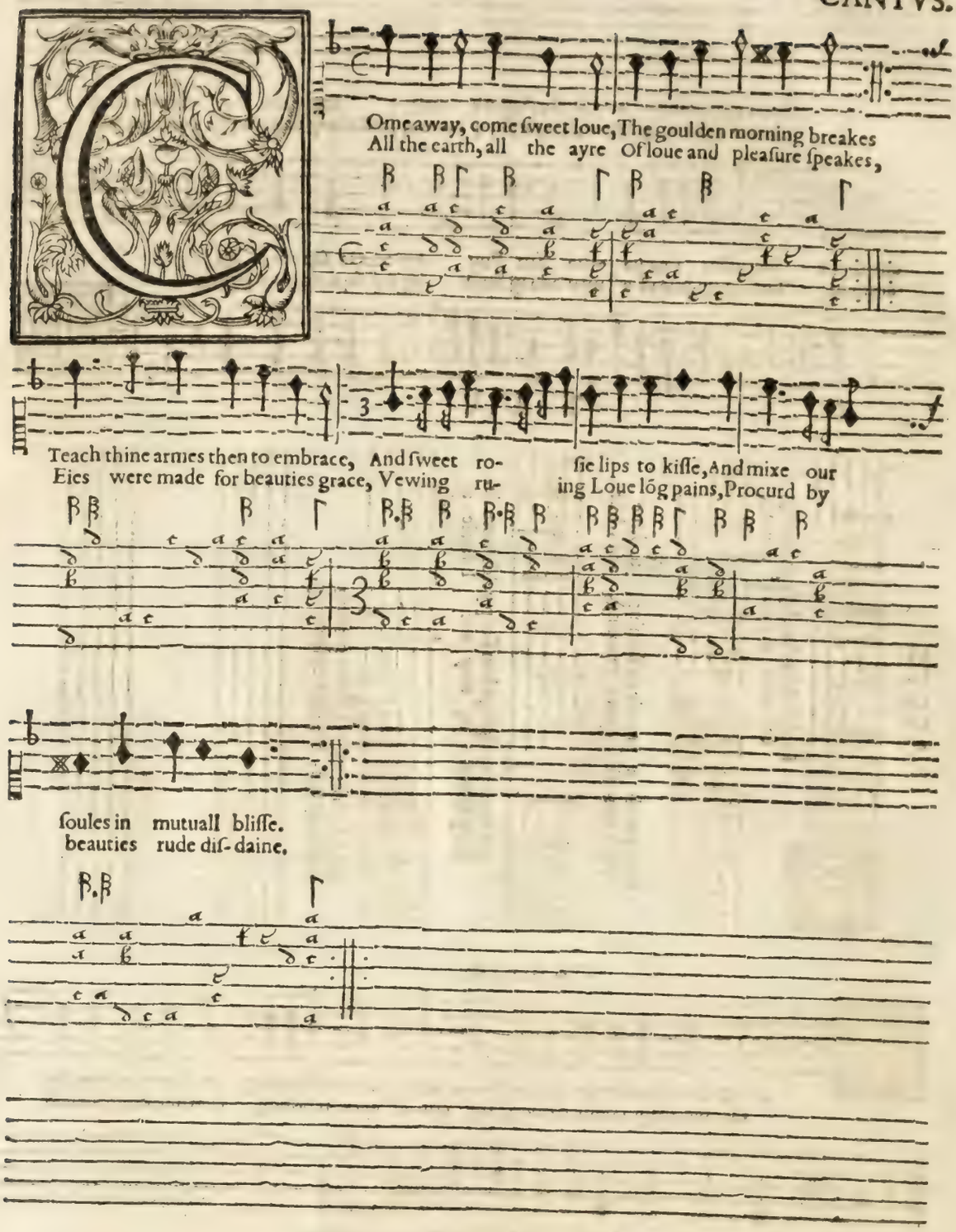

ALTVS.
O chriſtall teares like to the morning ſhowers, and ſweetly weepe in
to thy Ladies breſt, & as the dewes reuiues the dropping flowers, ſo let your drops of
pittie be adreſt, to quicken vp the thoughts of my deſert, which ſleepes too ſound
whilſt I from her, from her depart, from her depart. To quicken




O that thy ſleepe diſſembled,
Were to a trance reſembled,
Thy cruell eies deceiuing,
Of liuely ſence bereauing:
Then ſhould my loue requite
Thy loues vnkind deſpite,
While fury triumpht bouldly
In beauties ſweet diſgrace:
And liu'd in deepe embrace:
Of her that lou'de ſo couldly.

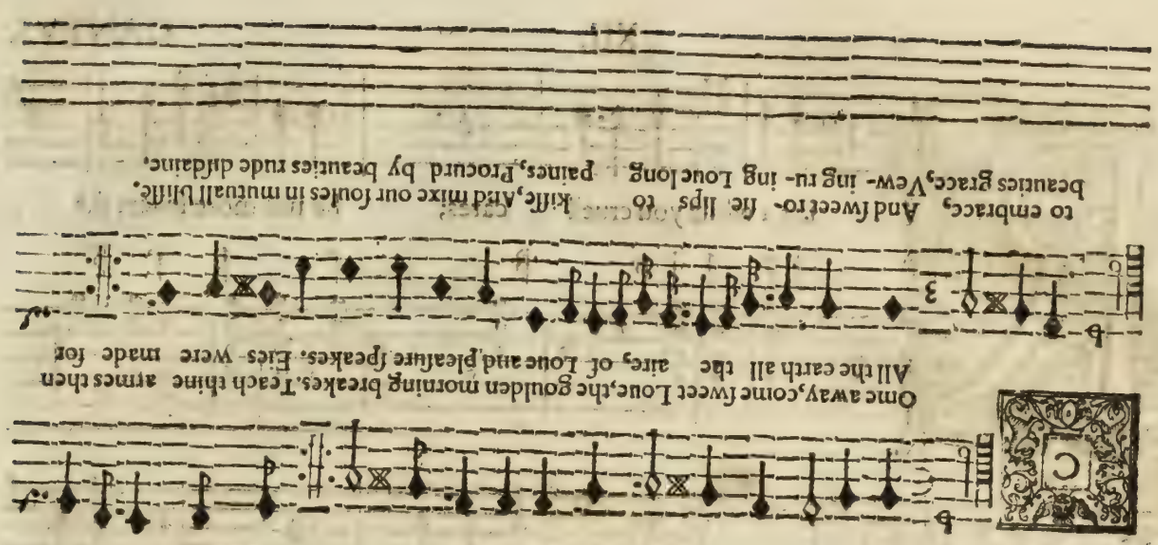
Should then my loue aſpiring,
Forbidden ioyes deſiring:
So farre exceede the duty
That vertue owes to beauty?
No, Loue ſeeke not thy bliſſe,
Beyond a ſimple kiſſe,
For ſuch deceits are harmeles,
Yet kiſſe a thouſand fould,
For kiſſes may be bould
When louely ſleepe is armleſſe.

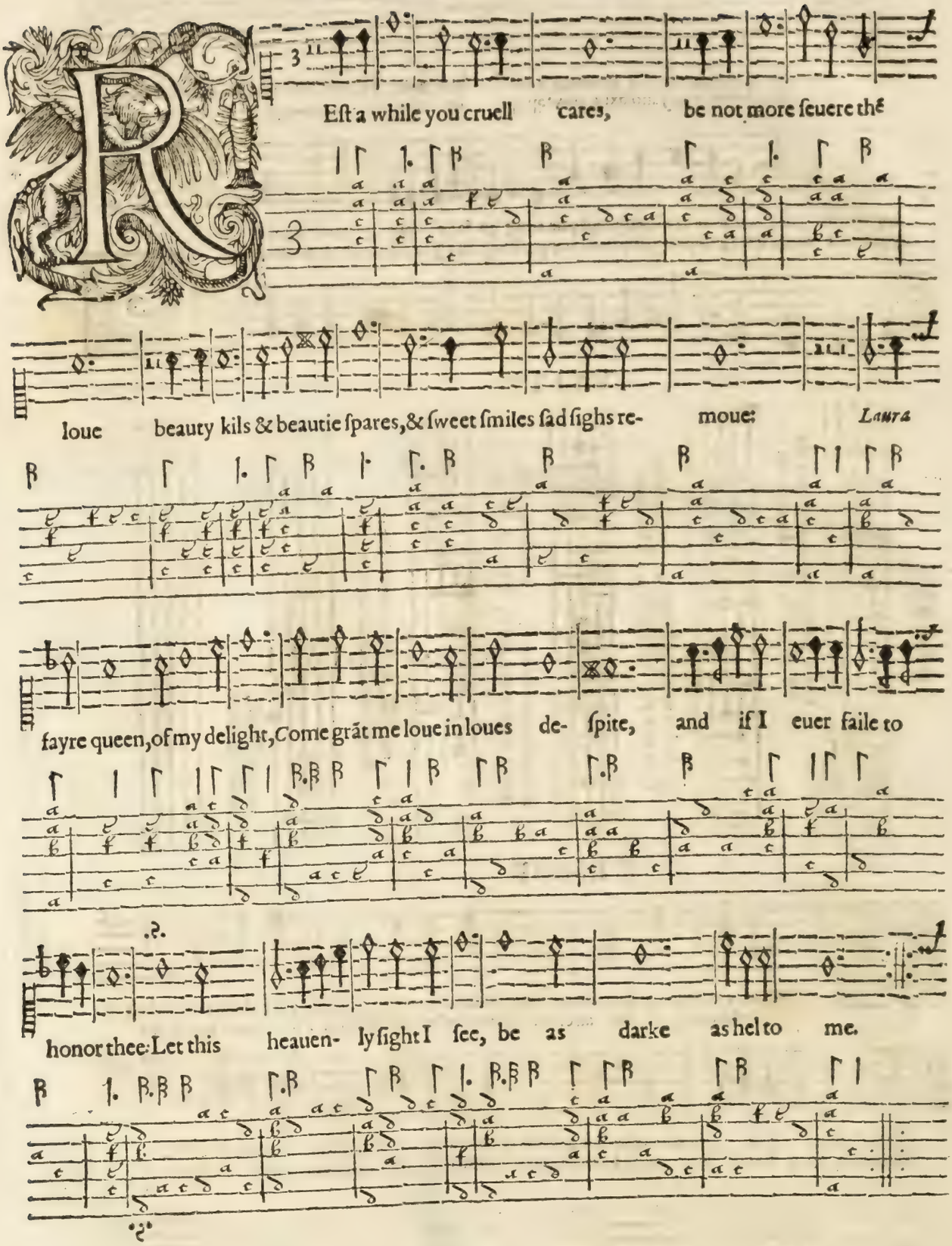

me from thy fight, when ſleepe yeelds more delight, ſuch harmleſs beautie gracing.
ſleepe fained is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing?
ALTVS.
Hinkſt thou then by thy fai- ning ſleepe with a proud diſdaining, to driue
Or with thy craftie clo- ſing thy cru- ell eyes repoſing, and while
BASSVS.
Hinkſt thou then by thy faining,
Or with thy craftie cloſing,
ſleepe with a proude diſdaining, to driue
thy cru- ell eyes repoſing, and while
me from thy ſight, when ſleep yelds more de-
ſleep fained is, may not I ſteale a
light, ſuch harmleſs beautie gracing.
kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing.
TENOR.
Hinkſt thou then by thy faining, ſleepe with a proud diſdaining, to driue me from thy
Or with thy craftie cloſing, thy cru- ell eyes repoſing, & while ſleepe fained
ſight, when ſleepe yeelds more delight, ſuch harmeles beauty gracing.
is, may not I ſteale a kiſſe, thy qui- et armes embracing.




Come awaie come ſweet loue,
The goulden morning waſts,
While the ſon from his ſphere,
His fierie arrows caſts:
Making all the ſhadowes flie,
Playing, ſtaying in the groue,
To entertaine the ſtealth of loue,
Thither ſweet loue let vs hie,
Flying, dying, in deſire,
Wingd with ſweet hopes and heau'nly fire.

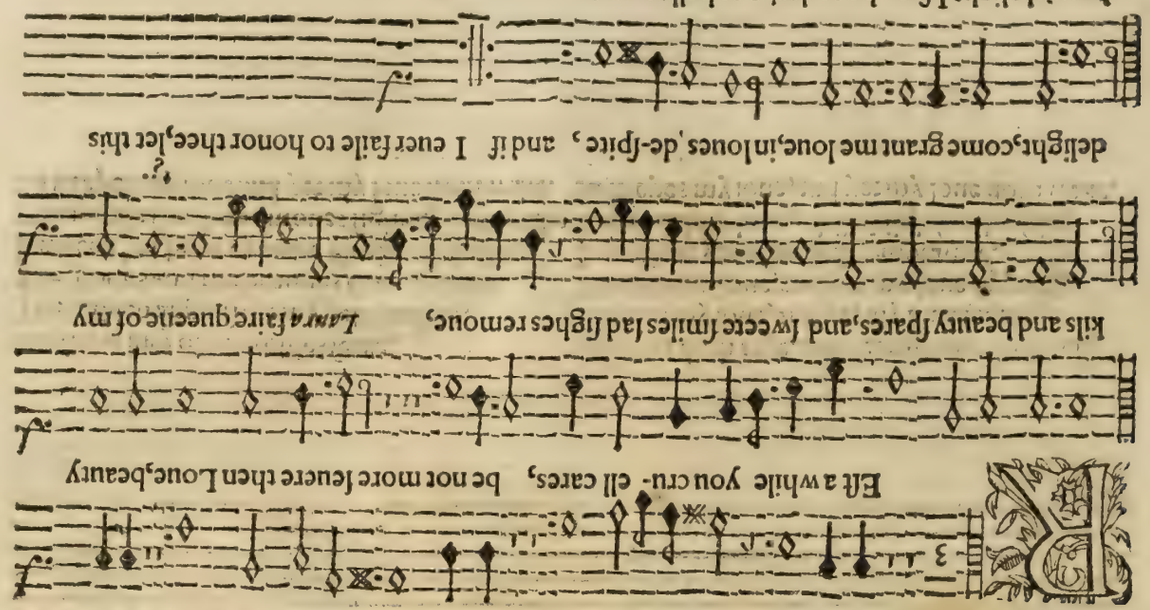
Come away, come ſweet loue,
Doe not in vaine adorne,
Beauties grace that ſhould riſe,
Like to the naked morne:
Lillies on the riuers ſide,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
Deſire no beauties but their owne,
Ornament is nurce of pride,
Pleaſure, meaſure, loues delight,
Haſt then ſweet loue our wiſhed flight.


ALTVS.
Ome away, come ſweete Loue the
All the earth, all the ayre of
goul- den morning breakes, Teach thine
Loue and pleaſure ſpeakes, Eies were
armes then to embrace, And ſweet roſie
made for beauties grace, Vewing ruing
lips to kiſſe, And mixe our ſoules in
Loue long pains, Procurd by beauties
mutuall bliſſe,
rude diſ-daine.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
Ome awaie, come ſweet loue, the goulden morning breakes. Teach thine armes then
All the earth, all the aire, of loue and pleaſure ſpeaks. Eies were made for
to embrace, And ſweete roſie lips to kiſſe, And mixe our ſoules in mutuall bliſſe.
beauties grace, Vew- ind ruing Loue lōg pains, Procurd by beauties rude diſdaine.

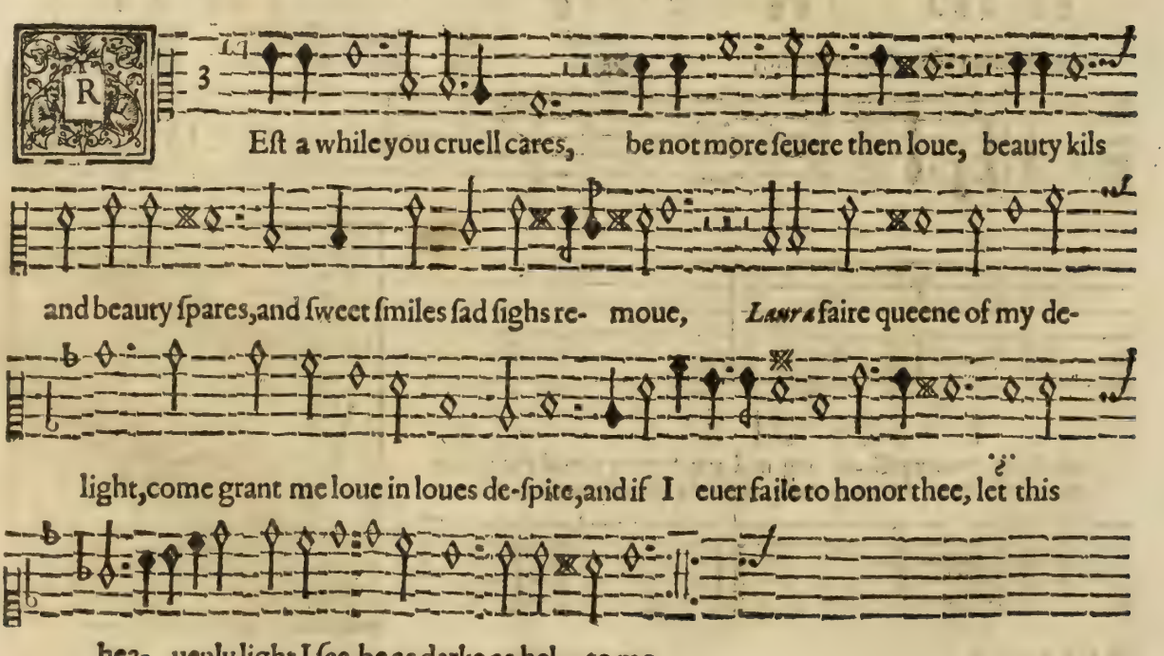



If I ſpeake my words want waite,
Am I mute, my hart doth breake,
If I ſigh ſhe feares deceit,
Sorrow then for me muſt ſpeake:
Cruel, vnkind, with fauour view,
The wound that firſt was made by you:
And if my torments fained be,
Let this heauenly light I ſee,
Be as darke as hell to me.

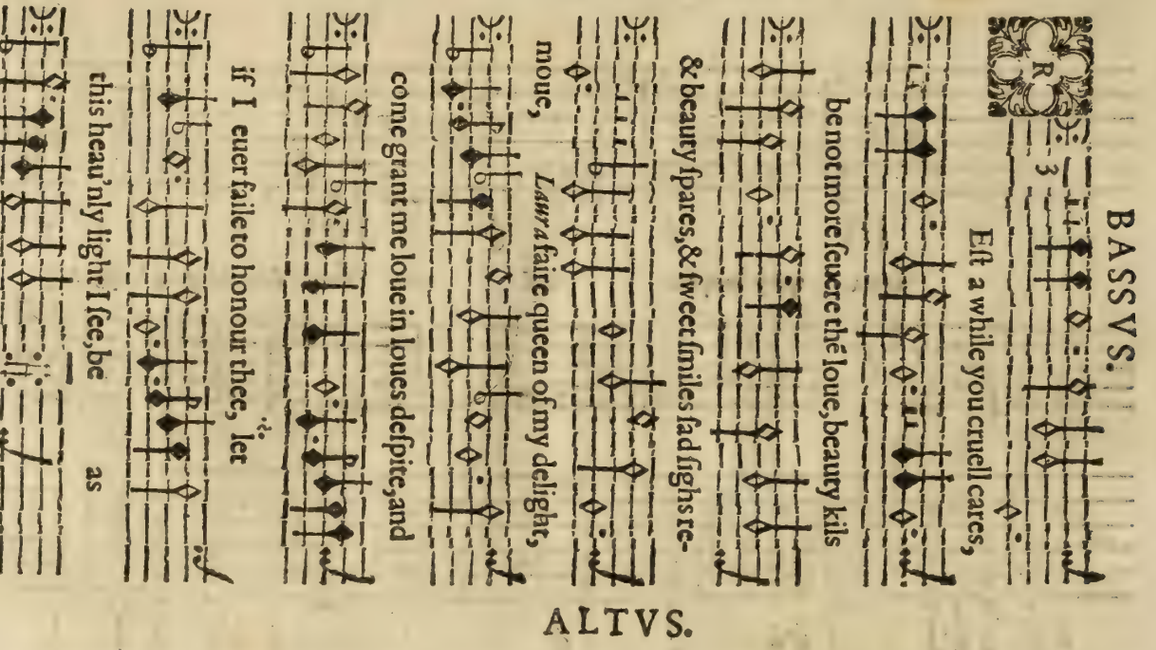
Neuer houre of pleaſing reſt,
Shall reuiue my dying ghoſt,
Till my ſoule hath repoſſeſt,
The ſweet hope which loue hath loſt:
*Laura* redeeme the ſoule that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eies,
And if it proues vnkind to thee,
Let this heauenly light I ſee,
Be as darke as hell to me.



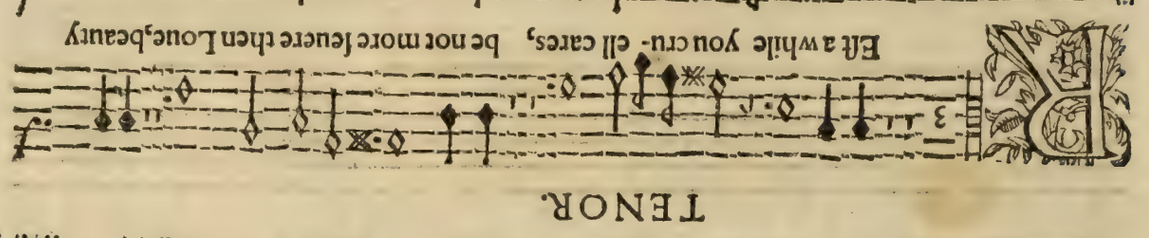

ALTVS.




BASSVS.




TENOR.



Leep wayward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, Let not
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her an- ger moue, But pine

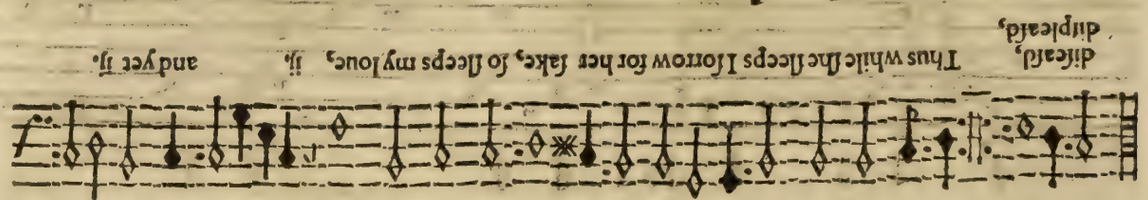
my loue, be with my loue diſ- eaſd, Thus wile ſhe ſleeps I ſor-row for
yon with my long-ings long diſ- pleaſd.

her ſake, So ſleeps my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

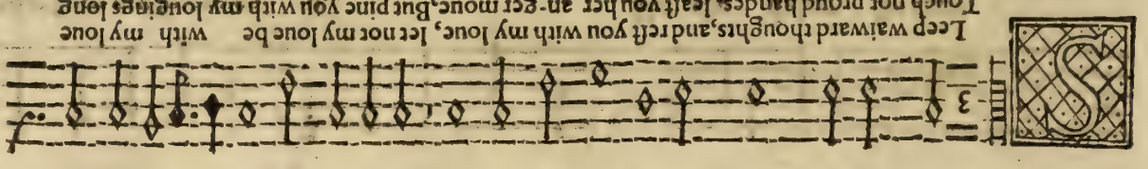
But ô the fury of my reſtles feare,
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires,
The glories and the beauties that appeare,
Between her browes neere *Cupids* cloſed fires
Thus while ſhe ſleeps moues ſighing for hir ſake
So ſleepes my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage, and yet my loue doth reſt,
Feare in my loue, and yet my loue ſecure,
Peace in my loue, and yet my loue oppreſt,
Impatient yet of perfect temprature,
Sleepe dainty loue, while I ſigh for thy ſake,
So ſleepes my loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

my loue doth wake.

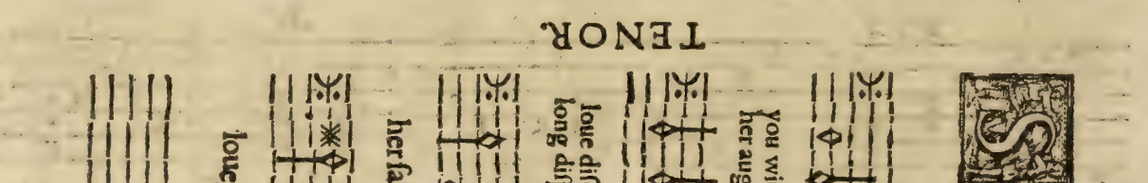


diſeaſd, diſpleaſd, Thus while ſhe ſleepes I ſorrow for her ſake, ſo ſleeps my loue, ij. and yet ij.

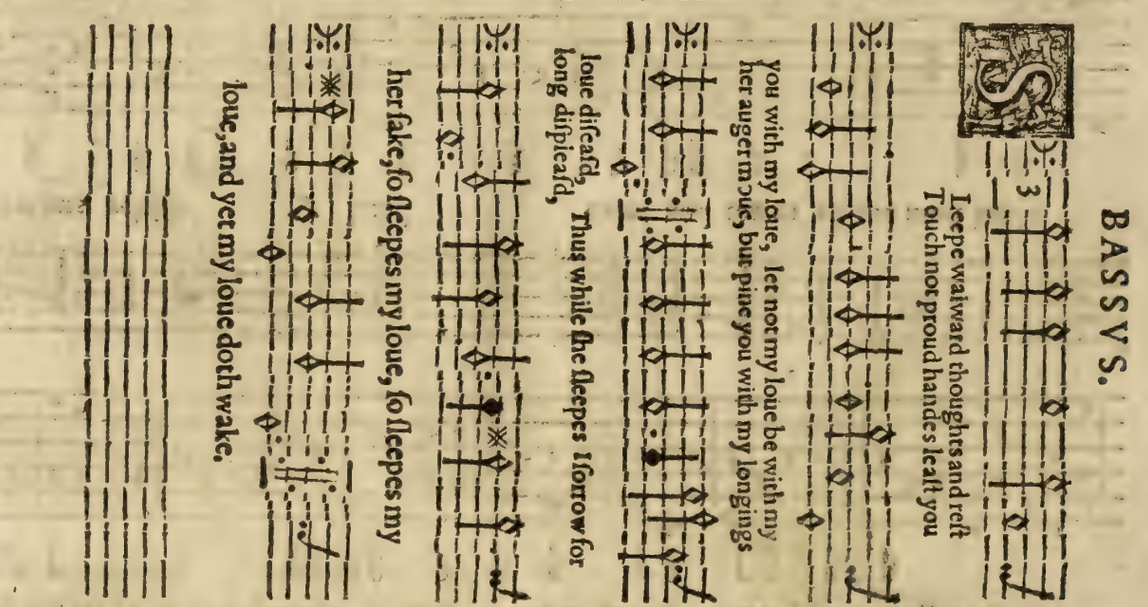


Leep waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud handes, leaſt you her an-ger moue, but pine you with my longings long

TENOR.



BASSVS.



Leepe waiward thoughts and reſt
Touch not proud handes leaſt you

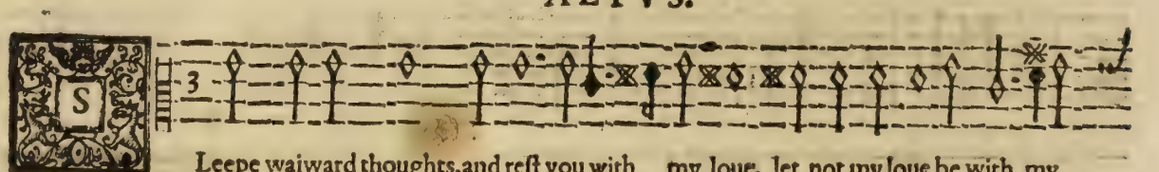
you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
her auger moue, but pine you with my longings

loue diſeaſd,
long diſpleaſd, Thus while ſhe ſleepes I ſorrow for

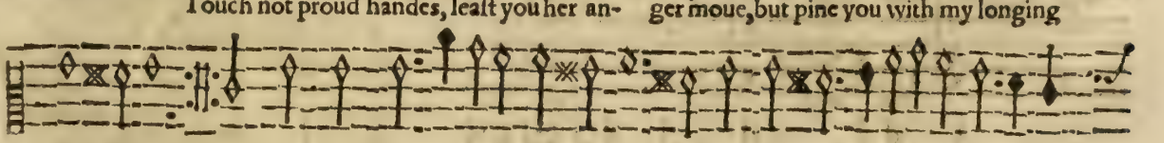
her ſake, ſo ſleepes my loue, ſo ſleepes my

loue, and yet my loue doth wake.

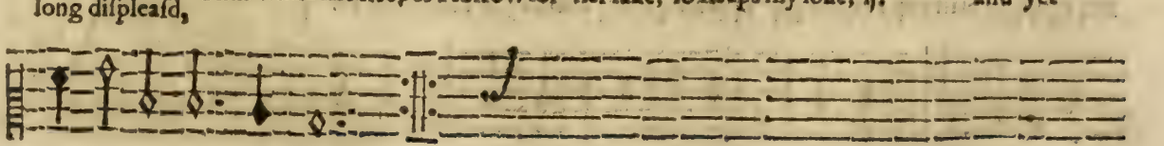
ALTVS.



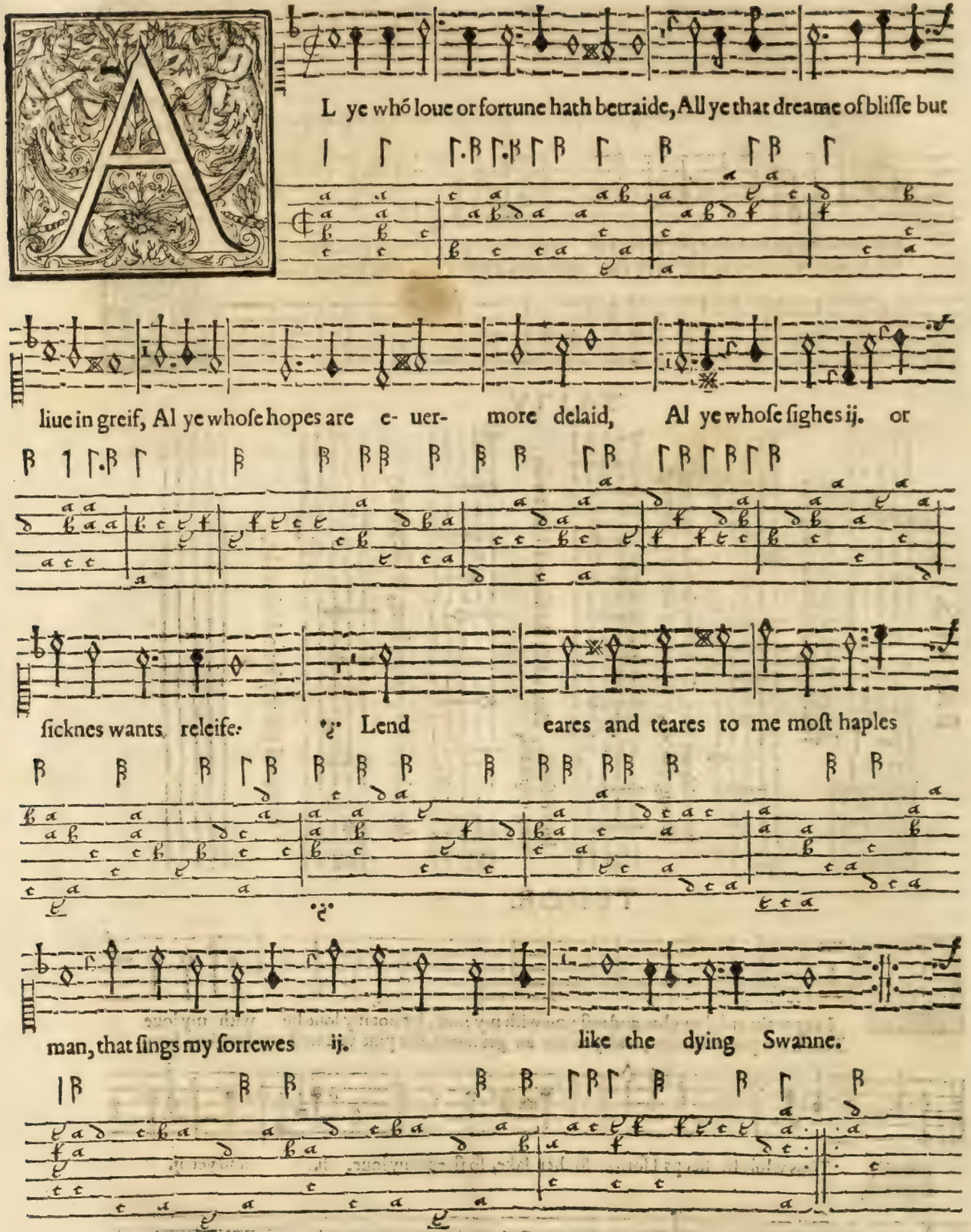
Leepe waiward thoughts, and reſt you with my loue, let not my loue be with my
Touch not proud handes, leaſt you her an- ger moue, but pine you with my longing



loue diſeaſd, long diſpleaſd, Thus while ſhe ſleepes I ſorrow for her ſake, ſo ſleeps my loue, ij. and yet

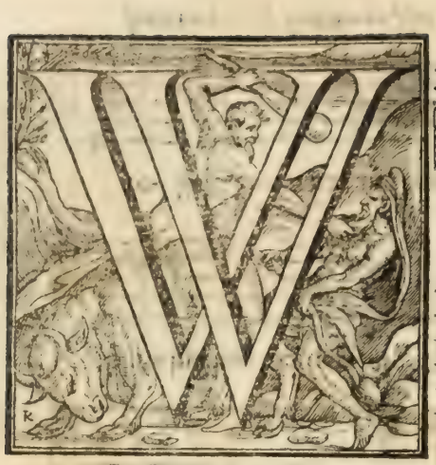


and yet my loue doth wake.




Care that conſumes the heart with inward paine,
Paine that preſents ſad care in outward vew,
Both tyrant like enforce me to complaine,
But ſtill in vaine, for none my plaints will rue,
Teares, ſighes, and ceaſeles cries alone I ſpend,
My woe wants comfort, and my ſorrow end.

ALTVS.
Ll ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, betraide, all yee that dream of
bliſſe but liue in griefe, are euermore delaid, All ye whoſe ſighes, ij. or ſickneſſe wants
re- liefe, lend eares and teares, ij. to me moſt haples man, that ſings my ſorrowes
ſorrowes, my ſorrowes like the dying Swan.
BASSVS.
Ll ye whó loue or fortune hath
betraide, but liue in griefe, ye whoſe hopes
are euermore delaid, all ye whoſe ſighs
whoſe ſighs or ſickneſs wants relief, lend ears
and teares, ij. ij. to me, ij.
moſt haples man, that ſings my ſorrows, my
ſorrowes like the dying Swan.
TENOR.
Ll ye whom loue or fortune hath betraide, All ye that dream of bliſſe
but liue in griefe, in grief, all ye whoſe hopes are eu- ermore, euermore delaid, delaid, all ye
whoſe ſighes or ſickneſſe wants reliefe, lend eares and teares to me, moſt haples man, moſt
haples man, that ſings my ſorrowes ſorrowes, my ſorrowes, like the dying ſwanne.



Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my harte, ii.

and ſo leaue me: ii. Farewell ii. but yet or ere I part (O cruell) kiſſe me

ſweete ii. ſweete my Iewell.

2

Hope by diſdayne growes chereles
feare doth loue, loue doth feare,
beautie peareles. Farewell.

3

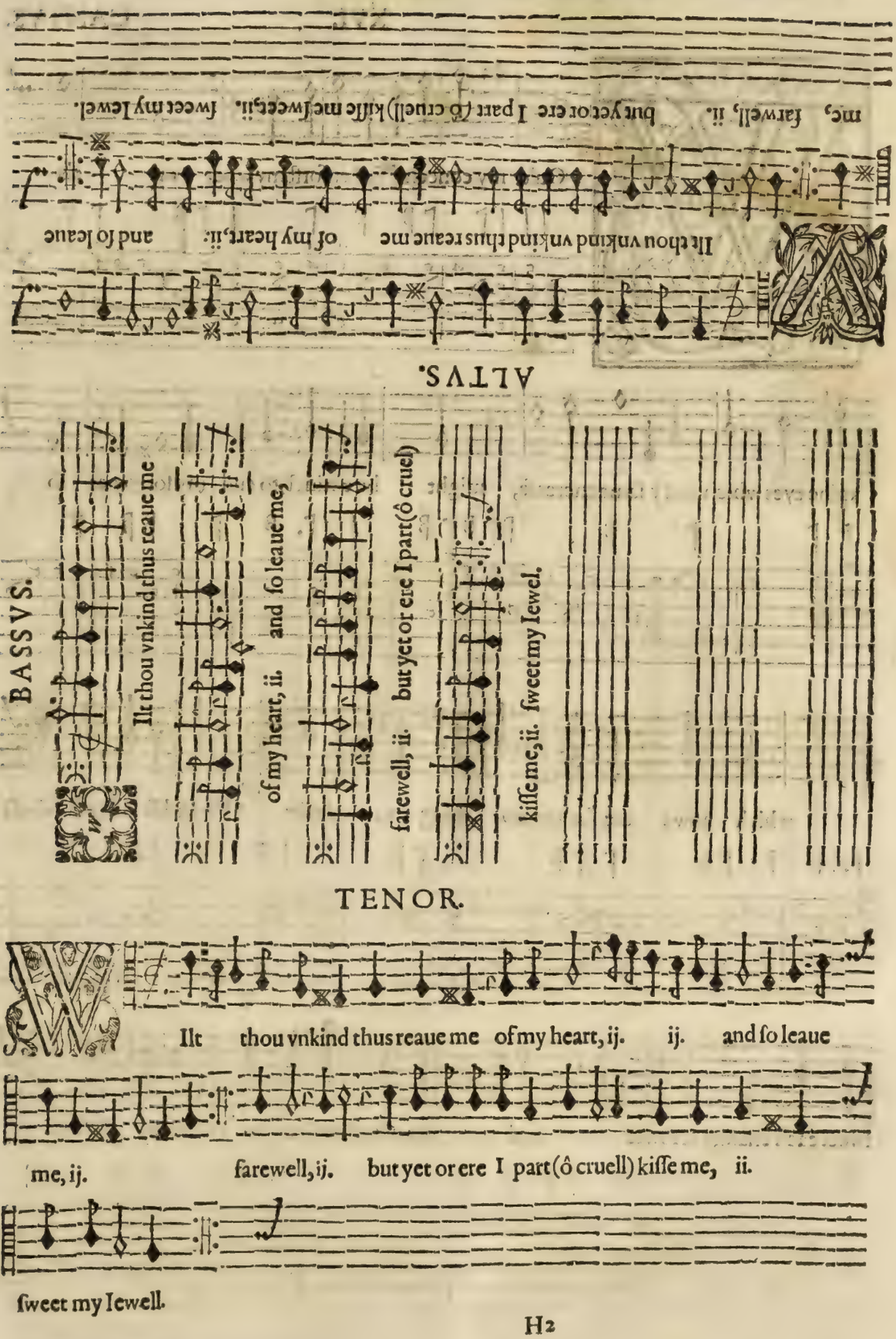
If no delayes can moue thee,
life ſhall dye, death ſhall liue
ſtil to loue thee. Farewell.

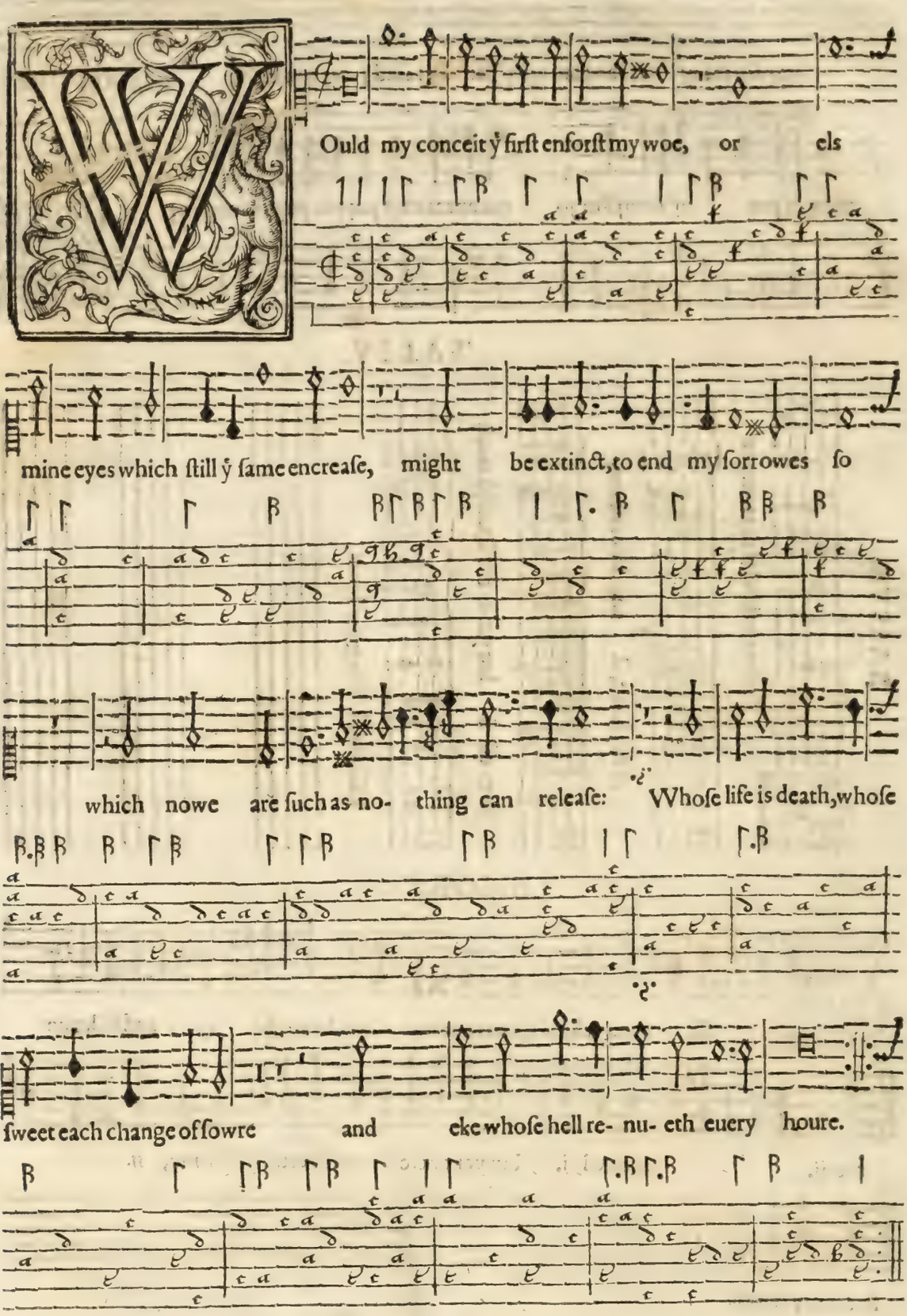
4

Yet be thou mindfull euer,
heate from fire, fire from heat
none can ſeuer. Farewell.

5

True loue cannot be chainged,
though delight from deſert
be eſtranged. Farewell.


ALTVS.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ii. and so leaue me,
farewell, ii. but yet or ere I part(ô cruell) kisse me, ii. sweet my Iewel.
Ilt thou vnkind thus reaue me of my heart, ij. ij. and so leaue
me, ij. farewell, ij. but yet or ere I part(ô cruell) kisse me, ii.
sweet my Iewell.




Each houre amidſt the deepe of hell I frie,
Each houre I waſt and wither where I ſit,
But that ſweet houre wherein I wiſh to die,
My hope alas may not enioy it yet,
W hoſe hope is ſuch bereaued, of the bliſſe,
Which vnto all ſaue me allotted is.

To all ſaue me is free to liue or die,
To all ſaue me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I muſt abandon I,
Sith Fortune ſtill directs my hap a ſlope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I truſt,
But to my thralles I yeeld, for ſo I muſt.

BASSVS.

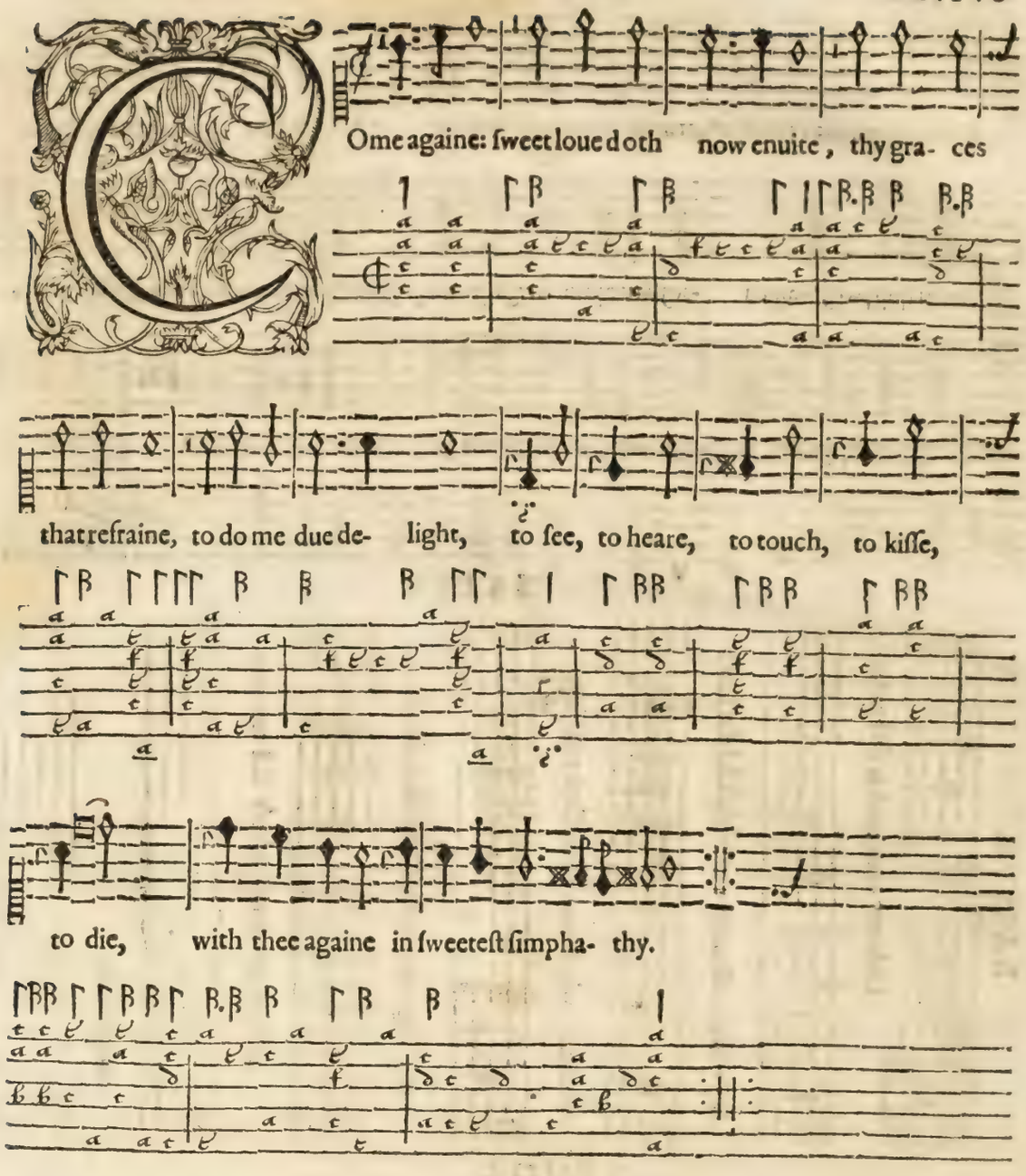
Ould my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe,or elſe mine eies which ſtil the ſame encreaſe, which now are ſuch as nothing can releaſe, whoſe life is death and eke whoſe hell, whoſe hell renueth euerie houre.

ALTVS.

Ould my conceit,that firſt enforſt my woe,or elſe mine eies which ſtill the ſame encreaſe,ſtill the ſame encreaſe,might be extinct to ende my ſorrowes, ſo which now are ſuch as nothing can releaſe,whoſe life is death,whoſe ſweet each change of ſowre,and eke whoſe hell,whoſe hell renueth euery houre.

TENOR.

Ould my conceit that firſt enforſt my woe,or elſe the ſame which ſtil which ſtil the ſame encreaſe,the ſame encreaſe,might be extinct extinct to end my ſorrows,ſo which now are ſuch as nothing can releaſe,whoſe life is death, ij. death,whoſe ſweet each change each change of ſowre,and eke whoſe hell,whoſe hell renu- eth eue- ry houre.




2

Come againe that I may cease to mourne,
Through thy vnkind disdaine,
For now left and forlorne:
I sit, I sigh, I weepe, I faint, I die,
In deadly paine, and endles miserie.

1

All the day the sun that lends me shine,
By frownes do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay: (grow,
Her smiles, my springs, that makes my ioies to
Her frowes the winters of my woe:

2

All the night, my sleepes are full of dreames,
My eies are full of streames,
My hart takes no delight:
To see the fruits and ioies that some do find,
And marke the stormes are me assignd,

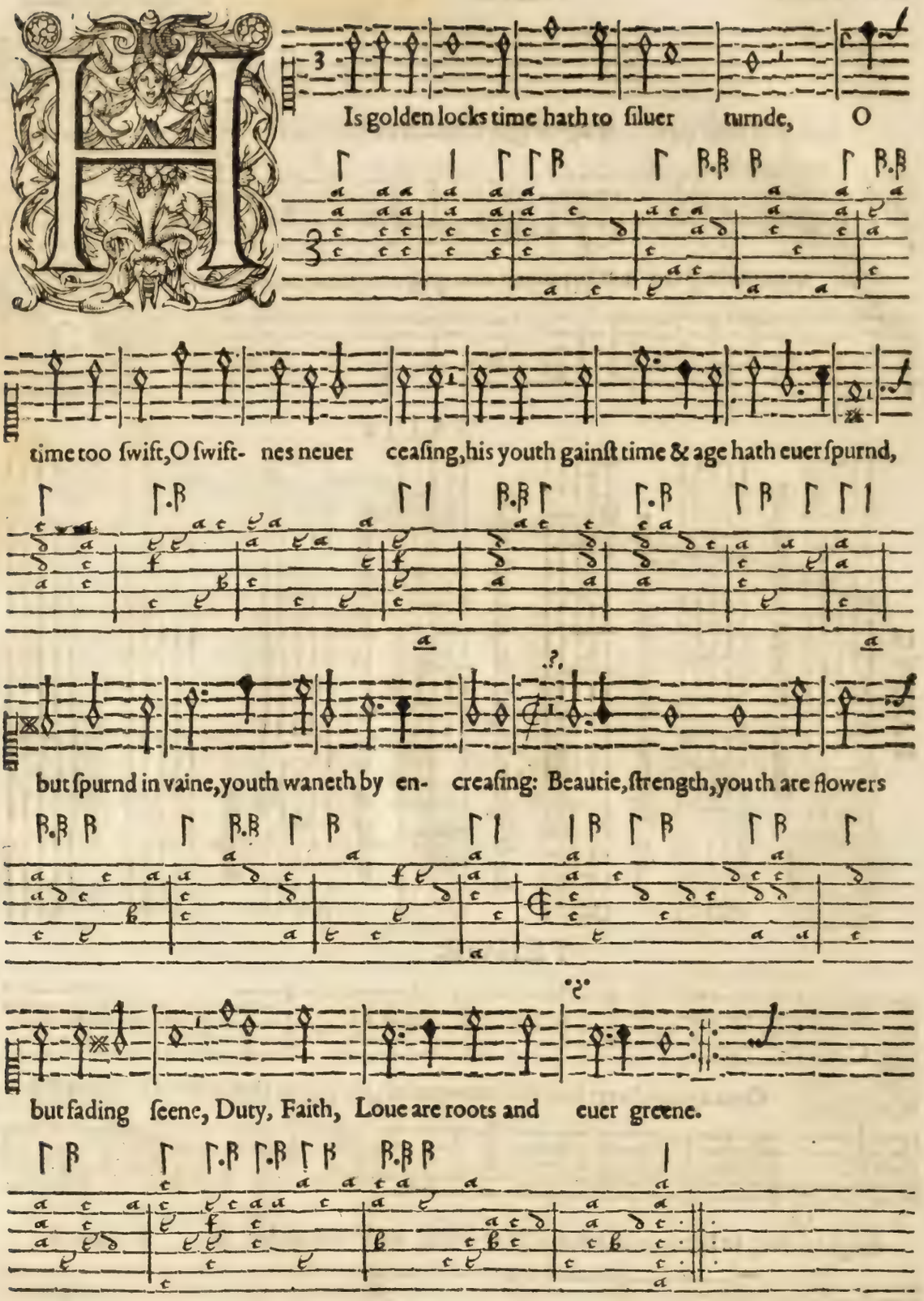
3

Out alas, my faith is euer true,
Yet will she neuer rue,
Nor yeeld me any grace:
Her eies of fire, her hart of flint is made,
Whom teares nor truth may once inuade.

4

Gentle loue draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pearce her hart,
For I that do approue: (shafts:
By sighs and teares more hote then arethy
Did tempt while she for triumps laughs.

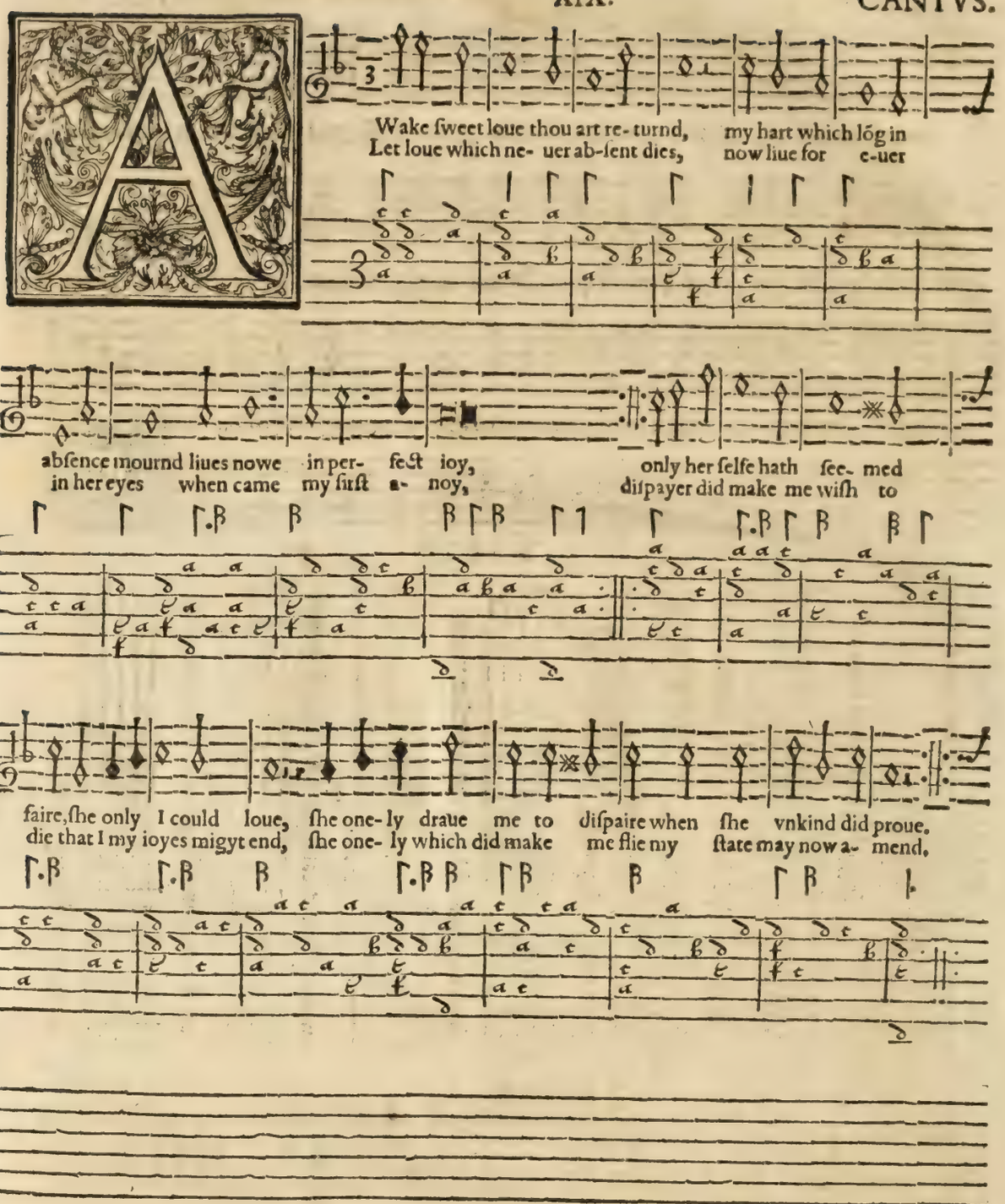
ſweeteſt ſimphathy.
doe me due delight,to ſee, to heare, to touch,to kiſſe,to die,ij. with thee againe in
Ome againe: ſweet loue doth now inuite, thy gra- ces that refraine, to
ALTVS.
BASSVS.
Ome againe: ſweet loue doth now
enuite, thy graces that refraine,to do me
due delight,to ſee,to heare,to touch,to kiſſe
to die, ij. with thee againe in ſweeteſt
ſimpathie.
TENOR.
Ome againe,ſweet loue doth now enuite, thy graces that refraine,to do me due
delight to ſee, to heare,to touch,to kiſſe,to die,ij. with thee againe, ij. in ſweeteſt
ſimpathie.




His helmet now ſhall make a hiue for bees,
And louers ſonets turne to holy pſalmes:
A man at armes muſt now ſerue on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are ages almes,
But though from court to cotage he departe
His ſaint is ſure of his vnſpotted hart.

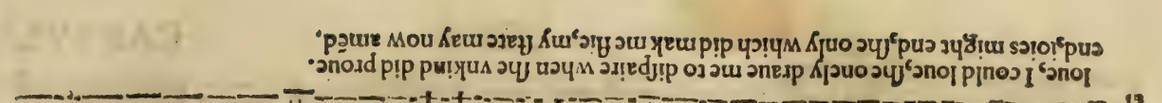
And when he ſaddeſt ſits in homely Cell,
Hele teach his ſwaines this Caroll for a ſonge,
Bleſt be the harts that wiſh my ſoueraigne well,
Curſt be the ſoule that thinke her any wrong:
Goddes allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadſman now ẏ was your knight.

ij faith,loue,are roots and euer greene.
waineth,by encreasing, bewty,strength,youth,are flowers but fading seene, duty,
nes ne- uer ceasing,his youth gainst time and age hath e- uer spurnd,but spurnd,in vaine,youth
Is golden locks time hath to siluer turn- uer turnd, O time to swift,O swift-
ALTVS.
Is golden locks time hath to
fil- uer turnd,O time to swift,O swiftnes ne-
uer ceasing, his youth gainst time and age
hath euer spurnd,but spurnd in vaine, youth
waineth by increasing: bewty,strength,youth
are flowers but fading,seene,deury,faith loue
are roots and euer greene.
BASSVS.
TENOR.
Is golden locks time hath to siluer turnd,O, O time to swift, ij. O swift-
nes neuer ceasing,his youth gainst time and age hath euer spurnd,but spurnd in vaine,youth
waineth by encreasing,bewty strength youth are flowers,but fading seene,deuty,faith,loue are
roots and e- uer greene.

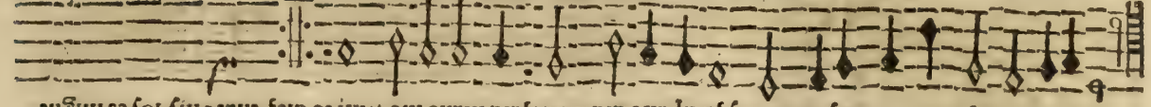



If ſhe eſteeme thee now ought worth,
She will not grieue thy loue henceforth,
Which ſo diſpaire hath proued,
Diſpaire hath proued now in me,
That loue will not vnconſtant be,
Though long in vaine I loued.

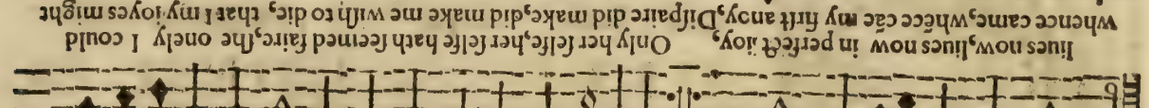
If ſhe at laſt reward thy loue.
And all thy harmes repaire,
Thy happineſſe will ſweeter proue,
Raiſde vp from deepe diſpaire.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her doſt meete,
She al this while but plaide with thee:
To make thy ioies more ſweet.



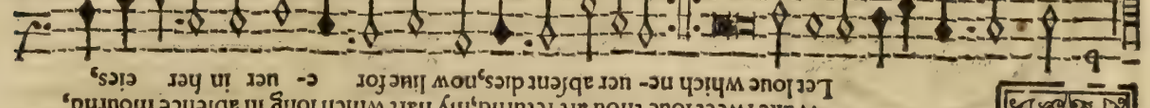
loue, I could loue, she onely drawe me to dispaire when she vnkind did proue.
end, ioies might end, she only which did mak me flie, my state may now amēd.



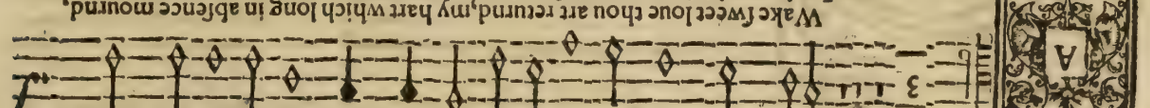
liues now, liues now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she onely I could
whence came, whence cāe my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioyes might



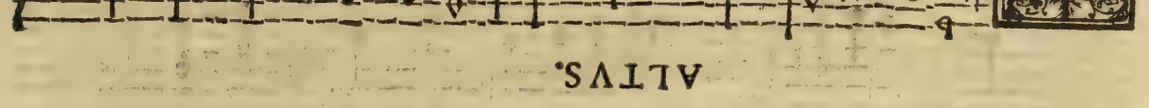
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eies,
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mourn,



ALTVS.

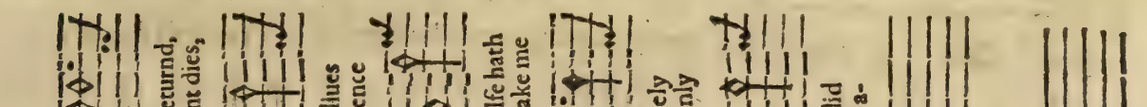


Let loue which ne- uer ablent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eies, whence
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mourn, liues

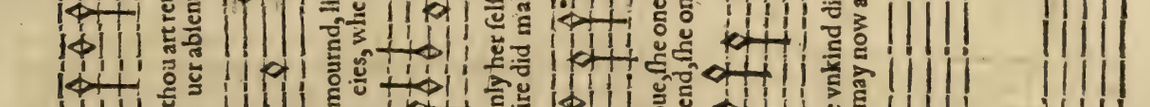


came my first a-noy, Dispaire did make me flie, my state may now a-
now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe hath seemed faire, she onely I could loue, she only
proue.
mend.

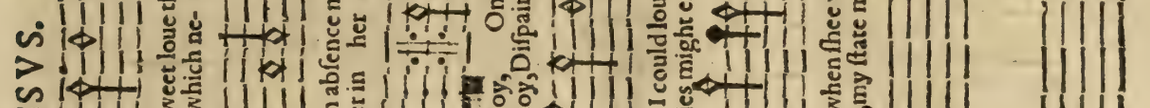
BASSVS.



TENOR.

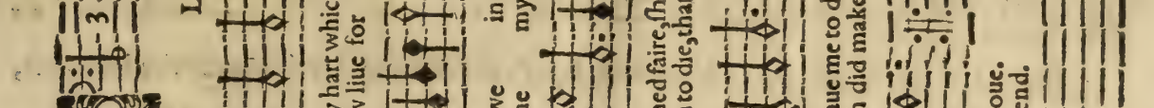


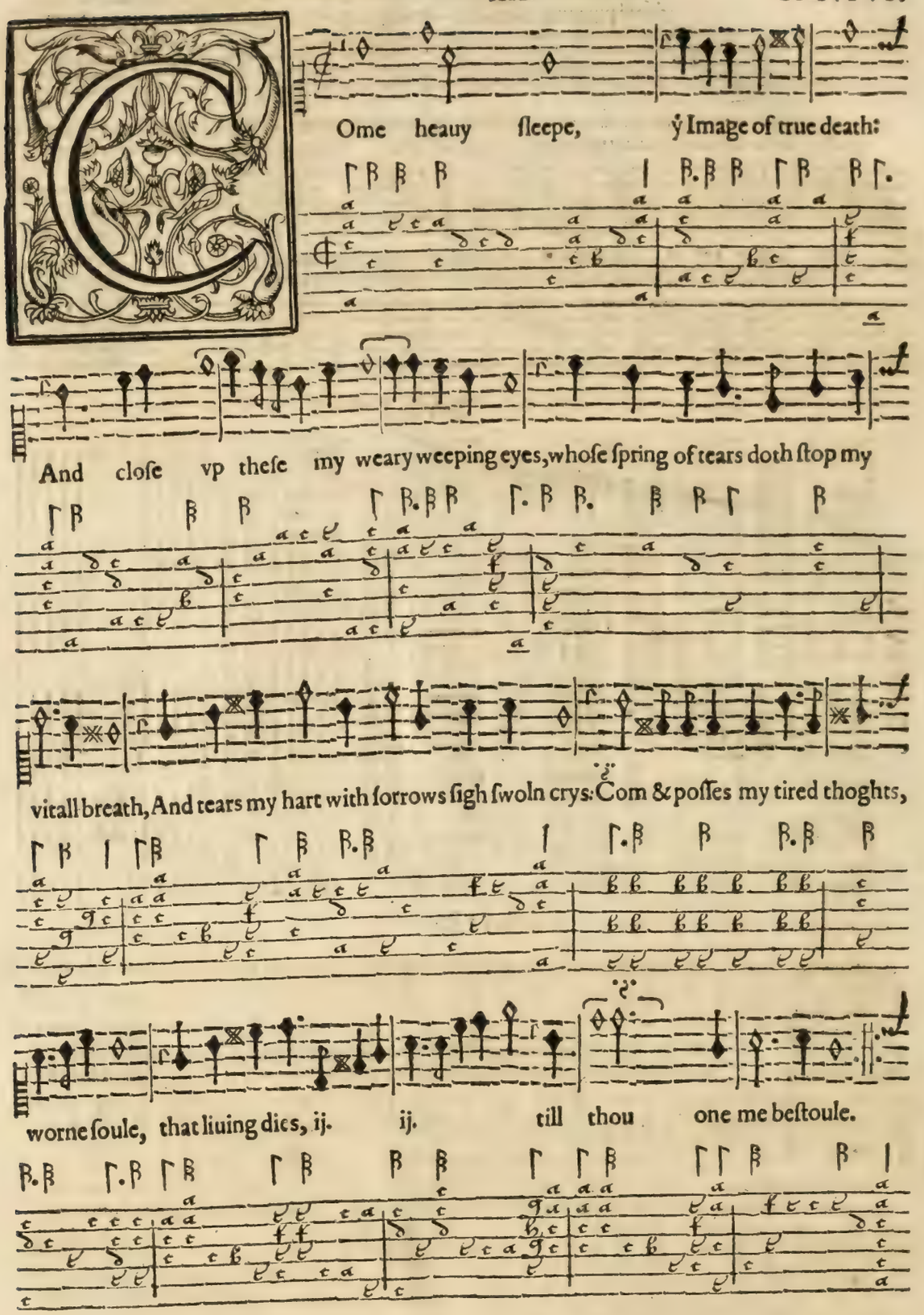
Wake sweet loue thou art returnd, my hart which long in absence mourn'd, liues
Let loue which ne- uer absent dies, now liue for e- uer in her eyes, whence



now in perfect ioy, Only her selfe, her selfe hath seemed faire, she only I could loue, she only
came my first anoy, Dispaire did make, did make me wish to die, that I my ioies might end, she only

draue me to dispaire when she vnkind did proue,
which did make me flie, my state may now amend.






Come shadow of my end: and shape of rest,
Alied to death, child to this black fast night,
Come thou and charme these rebels in my brest,
Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.
O come sweet sleepe, come or I die for euer,
Come ere my last sleepe, coms or come neuer.

till thou one me one me beſtoule.



ſigh ſwoln cries, Come and poſſeſſe my tired thoughts, worne ſoule that liuing dies, ij.



weeping eies, whoſe ſpring of teares doth ſtop my vitall breath, and teares my hart with ſorrows



ALTVS.



Ome heauy ſleepe, the image of true death, and cloſe vp theſe my weary weary

BASSVS.



Ome heauy ſleepe, the image of true death, and cloſe vp theſe my weary weary, ij. my hart with ſorrows ſigh ſwoln cries, Come and poſſeſſe my tired thoghts worn ſoule, ỹ liuing dies, ij. till thou, ij. on me, on me beſtoule,

TENOR.



Ome heauy ſleepe, heauy ſleepe, the image of true death, and cloaſe vp theſe,



my weary, ij. weeping eies, whoſe ſpring of teares doth ſtop my vitall breath, & tears my



hart with ſorrows, ſigh ſwolne cries, come and poſſeſſe my tyred thoughts worne ſoule, that



liuing dies ii. till thou one me one me beſtoule.

Way with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom *Cupids* arrowe

neuer glads: A- way poore ſoules that ſigh & weepe in loue of them that lie & ſleepe, For

*Cupid* is a medooe god, & forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

2

God *Cupids* ſhaft like deſtinie,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Deſert is borne out of his bow,
Reward vpon his feet doth go,
What fooles are they that haue not knowne
That loue likes no lawes but his owne?

3

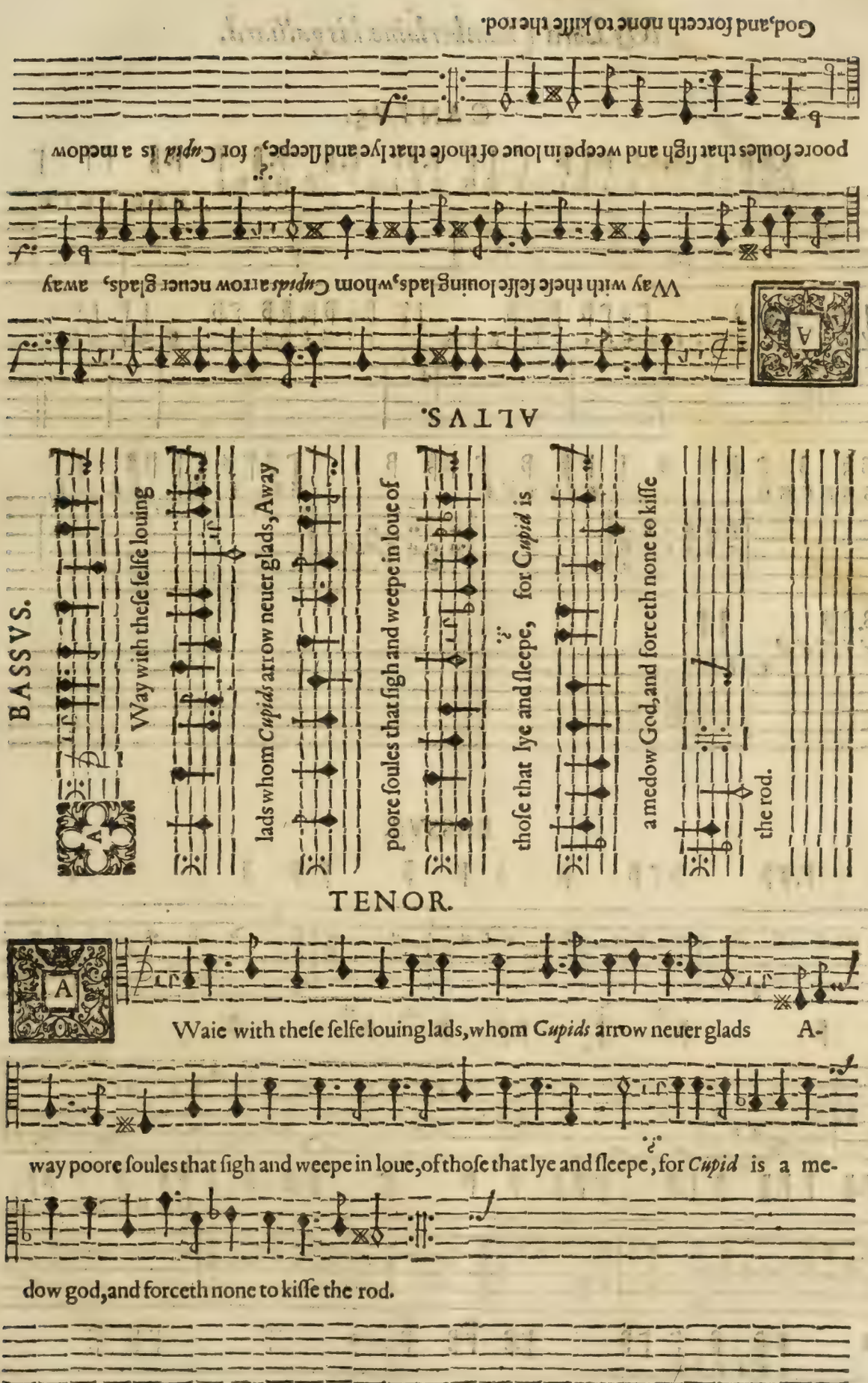
My ſong they be of *Cyntihas* praiſe,
I weare her rings on hollidaies,
On euery tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the ſame:
Where honor, *Cupids* riuall is,
There miracles are ſeene of his.

4

If *Cinthia* craue her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree,
If doubt do darken things held deere,
Then well fare nothing once a yeere:
For many run, but one muſt win,
Fooles only hedge the Cuckoo in.

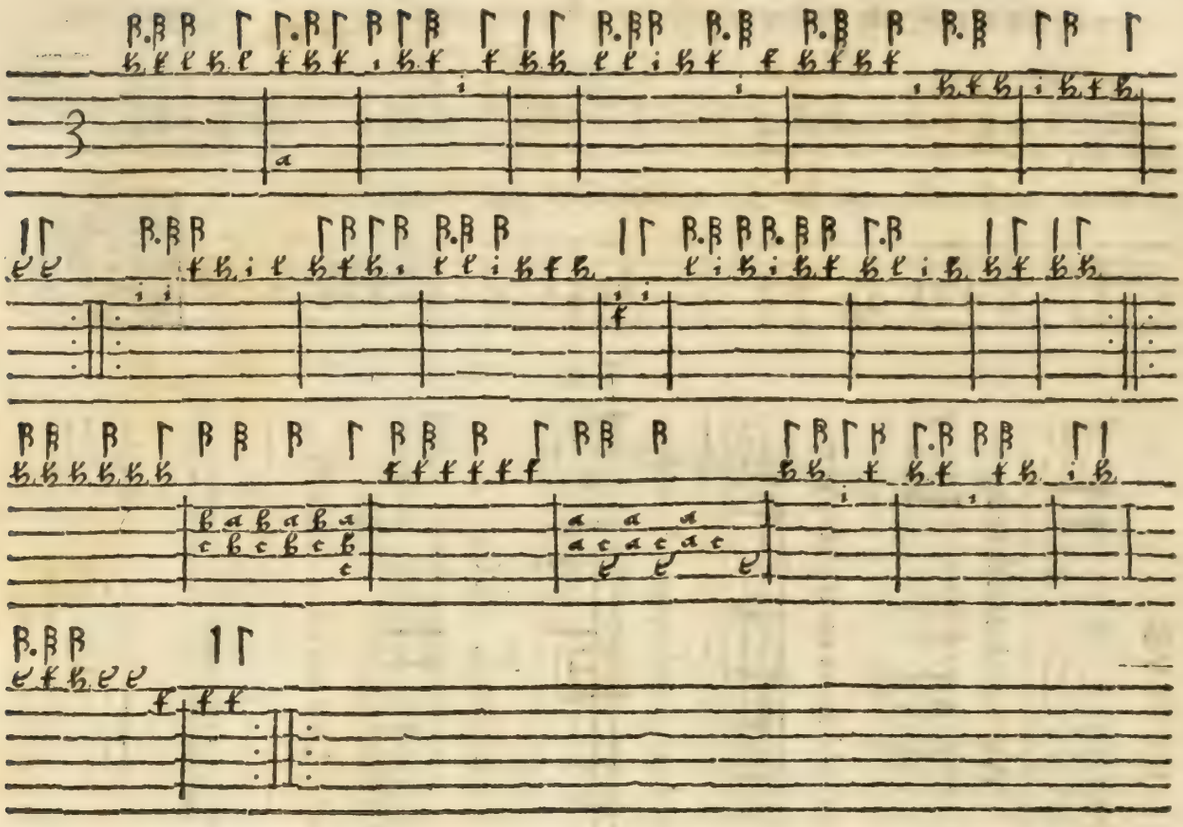
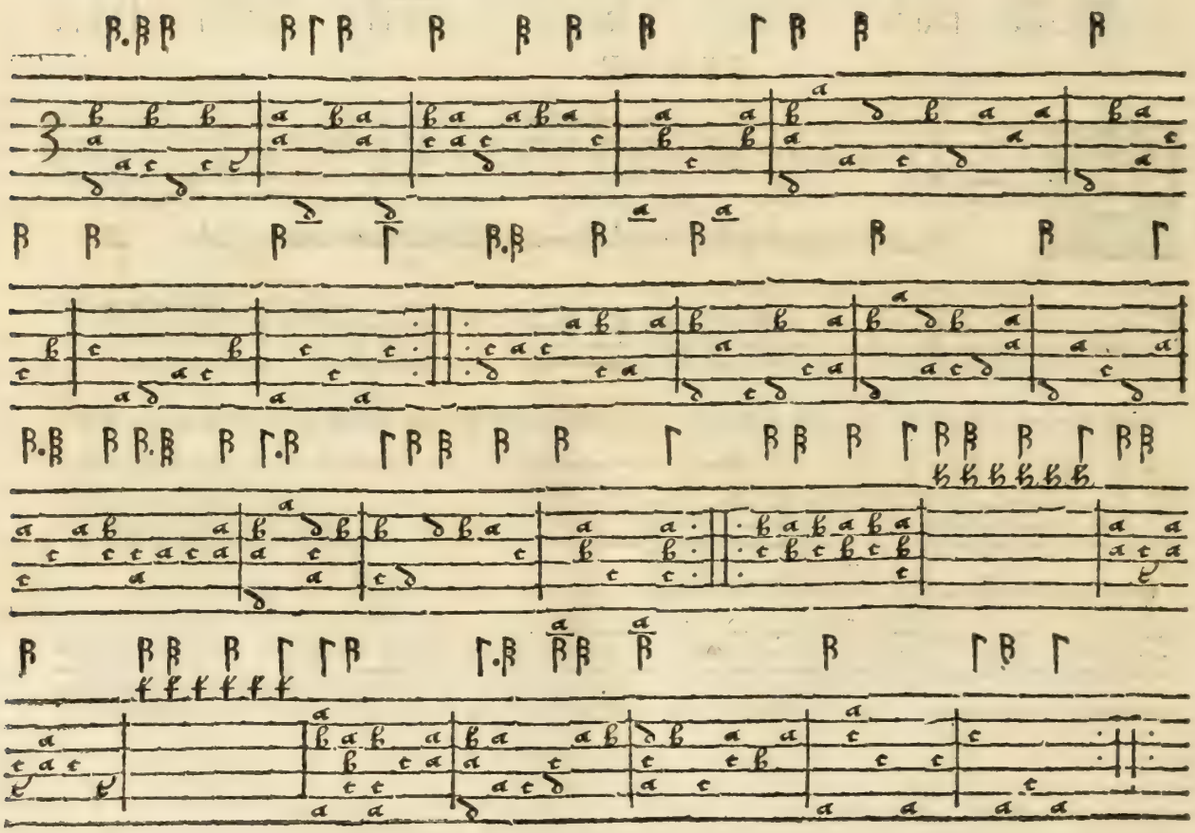
5

The worth that worthineſſe ſhould moue
Is loue, which is the bowe of loue,
And loue as well the foſter can,
As can the mighty Noble-man:
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthie be,
Yet without loue nought worth to me.


BASSVS.
Way with theſe ſelfe louing
lads whom Cupids arrow neuer glads, Away
poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of
thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for Cupid is
a medow God, and forceth none to kiſſe
the rod.
TENOR.
Waie with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads A-
way poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue, of thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for Cupid is a me-
dow god, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.
ALTVS.
VVay with theſe ſelfe louing lads, whom Cupids arrow neuer glads, away
poore ſoules that ſigh and weepe in loue of thoſe that lye and ſleepe, for Cupid is a medow
God, and forceth none to kiſſe the rod.

# *My Lord Chamberlaine his galliard.*

## CANTVS.



## BASSVS.